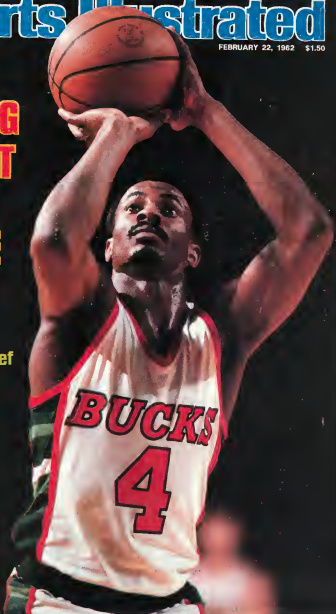


Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 22, 1962 \$1.50

TAKING AIM AT THE TITLE

Milwaukee's
Sidney Moncrief



Kings Men & 100s 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine, Kings Reg. 8 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81

Golden DE LightsTM



*De-pend
on it!*

**Full. Rich. Delightful.
Taste the pleasure.**

Kings and 100s. Regular and Menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

GMC CASH BONUS PLAN.

\$500 bonus on GMC's new S-15 Pickups.



\$750 bonus on GMC Pickups.



\$750 bonus on GMC Jimmys.



\$750 bonus on GMC Suburbans.



\$750 bonus on GMC Vans.



You can get a \$500 cash bonus on GMC's new S-15 pickup, \$750 on all other new light-duty GMC trucks like pickups, vans, Jimmys and Suburbans. You can take your cash bonus immediately and apply it to the down payment, or have GMC send you a check. All you have

to do is see a participating GMC truck dealer and take retail delivery now through March 31, 1982. Participating dealers contribute 25% to these bonuses, so make your best deal. Your actual cost depends on the deal you negotiate. The GMC Cash Bonus Plan. It

can put a new GMC truck in your hands and money in your pocket.

GMC
TRUCKS ARE WHAT WE'RE ALL ABOUT.



“The cost of whole life is going down 20%? You’re kidding.”

With the prices of almost everything else going up, no wonder you're surprised. But if you want to pay less for whole life insurance, just ask me—your New York Life Agent.

You see, at New York Life, we've slashed the basic premium cost of our whole life insurance by up to 20% on policies of \$50,000 or more.

And that's just for starters. If you don't smoke cigarettes, we'll give you an even bigger break. We'll reduce your premiums as much as 5% more.

Now, remember, this is whole life insurance that I'm talking about. Insurance that gives you permanent, lifetime protection. Level premiums. And cash values that grow year by year.

So, before you buy any life insurance of any kind, why not get all the facts? Ask someone who can help you protect your family and your future... at the best cost ever.

Ask me. Your New York Life Agent.



**NEW
YORK
LIFE**

“Ask me.”

NEW
and available only
by mail

COUNTRY & WESTERN CLASSICS

THE MOST SIGNIFICANT COLLECTION EVER ASSEMBLED!

First there's the legendary Hank Williams . . . Then Johnny Cash, Kitty Wells, Roy Acuff, Tammy Wynette, Flatt and Scruggs, Bob Wills, Ernest Tubb, the Carter Family, Merle Haggard, . . . and many more!

All the best country classics!

Everybody's talking about country music! It's the authentic music of the American people. And the stories told in classic country songs—stories of good times and bad times, broken hearts and mended love—capture the true emotions of American life!

Look at these 40 classics you'll hear on your first album: HANK WILLIAMS

No other album offers this outstanding selection!

- When God Comes and Gathers His Jewels
- Move It on Over • I Saw the Light • Six More Miles (To the Graveyard) • Honky Tonkin' • My Sweet Love Ain't Around • Mansion on the Hill • I Heard My Mother Praying for Me • Lovesick Blues
- Lost Highway • Mind Your Own Business • Wedding Bells • I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry • My Buckle's Got a Hole in It • Long Gone Lonesome Blues • Why Don't You Love Me • Why Should We Try Anymore
- Beyond the Sunset • The Funeral • No, No, Joe • Cold, Cold Heart • I Can't Help It (If I'm Still in Love with You) • Howlin' at the Moon • Hey, Good Lookin' • The Pale Horse and His Rider (with Audrey) • Pictures from Life's Other Side • Lonesome Whistle
- Half as Much • Baby, We're Really in Love • Honky Tonk Blues • Jambalaya (On the Bayou) • Settin' the Woods on Fire
- I'll Never Get out of This World Alive • You Win Again • Be Careful of Stones That You Throw • Your Cheatin' Heart • Kaw-Liga
- Take These Chains from My Heart • My Main Trial Is Yet to Come
- The Log Train

All the greatest country stars!

COUNTRY & WESTERN CLASSICS from TIME-LIFE RECORDS bring you the most important people in country and western music—from yesterday and today! In Johnny Cash you get a 25-year salute to the Man in Black. With Country



Hank Williams took the long, hard road from the two-room log house in Alabama to Nashville's Grand Ole Opry

Women you get Patsy Cline, Tammy Wynette, Lynn Anderson and many more. Then put on your dancing shoes for Bob Wills, the King of Texas Swing. Hear the fancy picking of Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs . . . the country sound of Roy Acuff and the beloved Carter Family.

A collection almost impossible to find on your own!

When complete, the series becomes a comprehensive history-in-sound of country and western music: a connoisseur's collection of rare and sought-after selections, complete in every way. Many songs have never been issued before on an LP!

Your favorite stars sing the songs that live in your heart!

- Tammy Wynette Stand by Your Man • Johnny Cash I Walk the Line • Flatt and Scruggs Foggy Mountain Breakdown • George Jones • Melba Montgomery We Must Have Been Out of Our Minds
- Lynn Anderson Rose Garden • The Carter Family Can the Circle Be Unbroken • Johnny Cash Folsom Prison Blues • Barbara Mandrell Midnight Oil • Louvin Brothers When I Stop Dreaming
- Patsy Cline Walking After Midnight • Hugh Cross • Riley Puckett Red River Valley • Delmore Brothers Blues Stay Away from Me
- Kitty Wells It Wasn't God Who Made Honky-Tonk Angels • Bob Wills San Antonio Rose

Sound so great you'll think you're in the front row of the Opry!

These old classics have been painstakingly restored through advanced audio technology. Virtually every crackle, pop and hiss has been masterfully eliminated to give you good, clean sound!

Audition HANK WILLIAMS FREE for 10 days!

Mail the attached order card today!

TIME
LIFE
RECORDS

Get three superb LP records in every album ONLY \$19.95! (about \$6.65 each) plus shipping and handling



**SPECIAL BONUS
WITH EACH ALBUM!**

Inside your albums you'll get a Collector's Booklet featuring interviews with stars, photographs, selections notes—as many as 32 big pages. Everything you ever wanted to know about country and western music!

WOMEN

HANK WILLIAMS

**COUNTRY & WESTERN
CLASSICS**



**EACH ALBUM
CONTAINS**

- Three highest-quality, long-playing records—the best sound for your listening pleasure
- As many as 40 original recordings, often including rare and previously unreleased selections
- **BONUS** Collector's Booklet—page after page packed with biographies and listener notes
- Vintage recordings all masterfully reengineered to eliminate virtually every crackle, pop and hiss

**TIME
LIFE
RECORDS**

New from TIME-LIFE RECORDS.
Send for HANK WILLIAMS today!



Taste!

You be the judge. Discover why more V.O. is bought than any other imported distilled spirit in America. More than any Scotch, Canadian, Rum, Gin, Vodka, Tequila.

V.O.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

CANADIAN WHISKY A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES
6 YEARS OLD 86 & PROOF SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

LIVE FROM MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

It's a phenomenon of our times that many major sports events have become TV productions, first and foremost. To accommodate TV, the World Series is played at night and in lousy weather, last season's Army-Navy game was switched on short notice to a new date (the travel plans of ticket holders be damned), club owners move heaven and earth to put their teams in rich television markets and spectators in all sports are condemned to sit through interminable commercial time-outs. In consequence of all this, many stadiums and arenas have become little more than glorified TV studios.

Now let's consider one such "studio," Madison Square Garden, whose chief tenants, New York's Knicks and Rangers, are situated in the nation's richest TV market, and which packages some 125 events a year for transmission nationally on cable TV, including college basketball games, tennis matches and track meets as well as NBA and NHL games. Gulf & Western Industries Inc., which owns the Garden, claims that because of high taxes and labor costs the Garden loses \$8 million a year. Accordingly, Gulf & Western officials want tax relief from New York City and hint that if such relief isn't forthcoming, they just might have to move the Knicks and Rangers, which they also own, to Long Island's Nassau Coliseum and New Jersey's Byrne Arena, respectively. That way, they'd have their cake and eat it, too. Their teams would still be in the lucrative New York TV market yet play in arenas where costs would be lower.

Big Apple politicians naturally don't want to risk losing the Knicks and Rangers. But is the Garden really losing so much money? The answer undoubtedly depends at least in part on how much "rent" the Knicks and Rangers are paying for use of the building. Although city officials supposedly have been given access to the relevant figures, neither they nor Gulf & Western are divulging that information.

This elusiveness on the subject of how Knick and Ranger finances might affect the Garden's profit-and-loss picture is objectionable enough. Things get even worse when the question of TV income is raised. The Garden's gross revenue from cable TV alone is believed to be in the neighborhood of \$6 million and could well increase dramatically in the near future. Approached last week by SI, neither New York City nor Gulf & Western would say specifically whether any profits from cable TV had been applied against the claimed loss. On the contrary, City Sports Commissioner Allen Schwartz says only that he was satisfied that the Garden had "an operating loss at that facility," reinforcing the suspicion that cable revenues were not factored into Gulf & Western's secret figures. It's as though NBC had tried to argue that while it turns a profit of perhaps \$20 million a year on *The Tonight Show*, the city of Burbank should grant it tax relief because the particular studio in which Johnny Carson works loses money. The people who put on sports events should make up their minds. Either those events are TV productions or they aren't. And if they are, TV revenues should at least be considered before the owner of a sports facility is allowed to plead poverty.

ASSUME YOUR POSITION

During practice the other day, Mike O'Rourke, assistant basketball coach at Oral Roberts University, noticed Gerald Johnson, a seldom-used 6'7" forward, horsing around taking shots from mid-court. O'Rourke told Johnson to stop wasting time and shoot only from game-situation spots. Whereupon Johnson walked over to the bench, sat down and loosed a shot from there.

FOOTBALL FAMILY

Their shared business cards say it all: MONKEN'S THE NAME, FOOTBALL'S THE GAME. And, indeed, the five sons of Omer and Louise Monken of Belleville,

Ill., all of whom are respected high school coaches in their native state, have been up to their necks in football ever since Jim, the oldest brother, started playing the game in the ninth grade. "I grew up on a farm in Mascoutah, Illinois," he says. "My dad spent his life farming, not playing sports. But we moved to Belleville when I was 10, and I remember seeing newspapers so I could get enough money to buy shoes for football." One by one, all the other brothers became involved in the game, too. "It seemed like whatever I did, everybody else did," Jim says. "That's what happens in a big family."

So now, without further ado, please meet the Monken boys: Jim, 47, coaches at East St. Louis Assumption in southern Illinois; Glenn, 45, is at Highland, 35 miles away; Bob, 44, coaches up at Lake Park High in Roselle; Mike, 42, is at Joliet East, just south of Chicago; and Bill, 40, is at Charleston High, in the middle of the state. One might think that life



gets pretty confusing in Illinois high school football with so many Monkens on the sidelines, but there are ways to sort the boys out. For example, Jim's team is classified 2A, the lowest, Glenn's 3A, Bill's 4A and Mike's and Bob's 5A. The teams play in different conferences, and no brother has ever coached against another.

But, let's see, maybe there's an easier way to keep members of the Monken clan straight: Jim runs a multiple offense; Bob runs a double wing; Bill goes in for a wishbone; Mike a hambone (an inverted wishbone); Glenn uses a split-T.

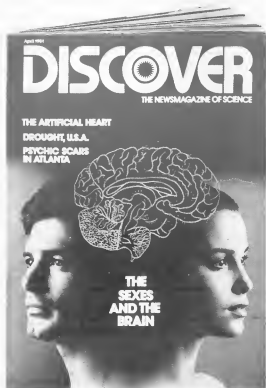
Or, how about this? Glenn's teams are

continued

Science. The Great Adventure

Science. It's a world that's too much with us to let it go by unnoticed, unreported. For it is how we live, what we do with our imagination. It is technology, medicine, psychology, genealogy. It is genetics, phonetics, zoology, biology. It is outer space and universe. It is mysteries some revealed, others still hidden. It is the vastness of nature of questions asked and answers applied. It is a great adventure, a voyage of discovery. And DISCOVER is Time Incorporated's newest newsmagazine—a journal of all the sciences, of what scientists are doing and thinking, of what it portends now and tomorrow. DISCOVER, it's written for non-scientists who nonetheless intend to know the news of science. It's powerful writing and unforgettable pictures. It's revealing, challenging, fascinating. Join us now. To subscribe call toll-free today 1-800-621-8200.

D74253



SCORECARD continued

traditionally made up of small kids; Mike's boys tend to be disciplined; Bill's teams are defensive-minded; Bob's emphasize offense; Jim, who coached the 49ers' Eric Wright and Notre Dame standout Jerome Heavens and Mansel Carter, has the best overall career record (96-44), although all the brothers except Bill are above 500.

Maybe Glenn can help clarify matters even more: "Mike is the quietest of us, Bill has the heaviest temper and I'm the smartest."

Until a few years ago, the Monkeys got together for several days every summer at a motel in Bloomington, Ill. and conducted what amounted to their own mini-clinic. Each would bring an assistant coach and plenty of reels of film and talk football. After a couple of days, says Jim, "we'd go out on the town and raise hell." Although they've discontinued the summer get-togethers, the Monkeys still compare notes at family reunions at Easter, Thanksgiving and Christmas. When the entire clan meets, it numbers close to 40, including wives, children and girl friends. "We talk football all the time," Glenn says. Jim adds, "Sometimes my sister Julie gets really mad at us, especially when things get too heated. She'll say, 'Will you guys please shut up?'" If that doesn't work, Julie can always drag her husband, Art Abegg, into the room to call time-out. He's a high school football referee.

THE BAD NEWS BEARS GO SKATING

When the youth hockey program in Tyngsboro, Mass., a community of 6,000 just across the line from Nashua, N.H., was disbanded last summer for lack of interest, 26 youngsters who had wanted to continue participating in the program, which had been sponsored by the Amateur Hockey Association of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, found themselves very much out in the cold. The displaced boys, ages 7 to 16, subsequently joined a youth hockey program under the aegis of the Nashua-based Southern New Hampshire Amateur Hockey Association. What made that a logical step was that the southern New Hampshire teams play their home games at the Tyngsboro rink, which would seem to indicate that state lines don't mean much in youth hockey. And why should they? The important thing is to just let the kids play, right?

Wrong. The switch to the New Hamp-

LYNX

Lynx 5-door has more interior room than any subcompact made, foreign or domestic.

Energy-absorbing steering columns

Front-wheel drive

Integral front air dam

Transverse-mounted CVT engine

Halogen headlamps

Front disc brakes

L7 is one of the most aerodynamic, standard-equipped cars built in America.

High-strength reinforced roof structure

Energy-absorbing side-door panels

Extensive corrosion protection

Hidden luggage compartment

Four-wheel fully independent suspension

Over three billion dollars' worth of world-wide development and production.

LN7

IT TAKES CARS BUILT AS WELL AS THESE TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER AS GOOD AS THIS.

We're so confident in Lynx and LN7, we're offering you something no other leading automaker has. Not GM or Chrysler. Not Toyota, Datsun, Honda, or VW. Nobody.

FREE MAINTENANCE FOR 2 YEARS.

It's precisely because Lynx and LN7 have the kind of high technology you see above that their scheduled maintenance costs are exceptionally low.

But now those scheduled maintenance costs are lower still. They're zero. So — for 2 full years or 24,000 miles (whichever comes first) — virtually the only thing you have to pay for is gas. And that shouldn't be very much because Lynx and LN7 have impressive fuel economy.

FREE WARRANTY FOR 2 FULL YEARS.

Lynx and LN7 are built to such exacting specifications that we can now offer you something that GM and Chrysler don't. Something that Toyota, Datsun, Honda, and VW don't.

It's a totally free, no-strings-attached warranty. And it's good for 2 full years or 24,000 miles. Whichever comes first. It's a limited warranty that covers virtually thousands of parts. It excludes accidents, abuse, tires, and fluids. And right now, only one automaker lets you save while you drive and when you buy.

5% CASH BONUS.

5% off the base vehicle sticker price* on any new 1982 Lynx or LN7. Or get \$250 off any new '81 Lynx. You can apply it to your down payment, or get a check direct from Lincoln-Mercury.

THE ULTIMATE SAVING.

Add it all up. On cars delivered from now until April 3rd, you can get free scheduled maintenance for 2 years. Plus a free 2-year warranty. Plus 5% off the base vehicle sticker price.

Nobody else offers you so much on such superbly engineered front-wheel-drive cars. But your ultimate saving isn't a matter of economics. It's a matter of pride. Your pride. In driving a car like Lynx or LN7. Instead of something less.

*Compare to the estimated MPG of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather, and trip length. Actual highway mileage less. Lynx 5- and 3-door mileage estimates not applicable to units with power steering and air conditioning.

†Limit one per customer.

Seat belts save lives — buckle up.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



LYNX	47	EST. HWY.	31	*EPA	47	MPG
LN7	46	EST. HWY.	29	*EPA	46	MPG

LYNX AND LN7 FROM LINCOLN-MERCURY

shire program was opposed by the Massachusetts association, whose president, Matthew O'Neil, took the position that the Tyngsboro youngsters should play for Massachusetts teams. But the nearest available association-sponsored Massachusetts program was at a rink in Lowell, 15 miles away from the Tyngsboro rink, and parents of the Tyngsboro boys understandably preferred having their sons play in their hometown facility. The dispute escalated last October when an official of the Massachusetts association showed up at the Tyngsboro rink on the night a Tewksbury, Mass. team of 13- and 14-year-olds was playing a southern New Hampshire team that included a couple of the Tyngsboro kids and persuaded the Tewksbury coach to pull his team off the ice.

That was too much for the Tyngsboro parents, who obtained an injunction in Middlesex (Mass.) Superior Court allowing the boys to play in their hometown rink. But New Hampshire's statewide amateur association, which had pretty much stayed out of the controversy up to that point, then sided with the Massachusetts amateur officials. Maintaining that the Massachusetts injunction wasn't binding in New Hampshire, a position upheld by a Manchester, N.H. judge, the New Hampshire association sacked Steve Schaffer, the southern New Hampshire official who had let the Tyngsboro boys participate in the New Hampshire program. The youngsters were dropped from that program.

Amateur hockey associations doubtless have reason to be concerned about setting a precedent that might encourage team-switching across state lines. But SI's Bob Sullivan, who interviewed all parties to the dispute, observes, "This was clearly a special case. The kids were left in the lurch because of a disbanded program and they merely wanted to play in their own hometown. As so often happens when adults get involved in children's sports, the hockey officials in both states appeared to be less interested in the kids than they were in asserting their own authority."

The upshot is that none of the 26 Tyngsboro youngsters is currently playing in association-sponsored youth hockey in either Massachusetts or New Hampshire. Under the circumstances, Schaffer can hardly be blamed when he says, "This is my first and last attempt at getting involved in youth hockey."

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR RECRUITER

There are several things about Dora Lee Holmes's son that make you sit up and take notice. For one thing, he's 6' 7". For another, he's averaging 22.9 points a game for Memphis' Westwood High basketball team and is one of the top college prospects in the country. For yet another, last spring he did 7 feet in the high jump, a state high school record. And, oh yes, there's the matter of his name. Baskerville Holmes has quite a moniker.

It was only coincidence that the former Dora Lee Willis happened to marry David Holmes Jr. and also happened to have a weakness for the 1939 film *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, in which Basil Rathbone played Sherlock Holmes. And it was sheer coincidence that, after having two children (prosaically named Tony and Mary), she saw the movie again while pregnant with her third child. "I told everyone, 'If it's a boy, I'm going to name him Baskerville,'" she recalls. "They'd say, 'What?'"

Folks at Memphis State, which has apparently won the recruiting battle for Dora Lee Holmes's son, had better take note, though. Their blue-chip recruit was christened Baskerville, but goes by the nickname of Bat, this in honor of yet another storied crime fighter. "He just loves Batman," explains his mother.

HE'S OUR SHORTSTOP, LORD LOVE HIM

It's part of the ritual of baseball salary arbitration that club management frequently belittles a player's talents at the hearing and then, when it's all over, slaps him on the back and says, "Hey, come to spring training and have a great year." Trouble is, players sometimes take the bad-mouthing personally. Dave Collins of the Reds was so miffed by what the club said about him during his 1981 arbitration battle—he lost, although he wangled a \$100,000 raise that was \$92,500 less than he wanted—that he hinted he wouldn't re-sign with the Reds in 1982. Indeed, as a free agent, he has moved over to the Yankees.

But it's unlikely that any player has been more slighted by his employer than was the White Sox' Bill Almon, who earned \$100,000 as Chicago's regular shortstop last season, when he went before arbitrator Richard Mittenhalt in quest of a \$340,000 salary for 1982. The White Sox offered \$220,000, and Mittenhalt chose the Sox' figure after hearing a club attorney, Jack Noble, com-

plain that Almon, who was on hand to take it all in, lacked leadership qualities, tended to choke in the field, was inexperienced, hadn't made the All-Star team and, ludicrously, had batted .158 during a particular 13-game stretch. When it was noted that 13 shortstops earned more than \$280,000, Noble said the Sox would prefer any of them to Almon. He also said the Sox had attempted to trade Almon to the Phillies for Larry Bowa during the off-season only to have the Phillies veto the deal because they didn't consider Almon an "everyday shortstop."

The White Sox leave for training camp in Sarasota, Fla. next week. Go get 'em, Bill!

GODDEY GOOP, HELLO CDDPERSTOWN

It isn't enough that at major league baseball games mascots in birdlike costumes cavort in the stands, atop the dugouts and on the field. Nor that Donruss, one of the three companies that make baseball cards (Topps and Fleer are the others), has seen fit to put the progenitor of the species, the San Diego Chicken, on a card of its own. No, the situation is even worse than you imagined. *Card Prices Update* of Selden, N.Y. says that while the market value of most of the 2,000-plus cards issued for the 1982 season is a meager 2¢ apiece, a few choice ones are instantly worth more, and several of them might be expected to fetch from collectors the handsome sum of 75¢, including, yes, sir, the one on which The Chicken is shown.

Some of the other top-of-the-market cards are also unconventional, one being a Fleer card entitled "Pete & Repeat" that shows Pete Rose with his 12-year-old son, Peety. But 75¢ for The Chicken? By contrast, a 1982 Topps Tom Seaver card is worth only 50¢.

THEY SAID IT

• Stan Morrison, Southern Cal basketball coach, extolling the playmaking talents of Missouri Guard Jon Sundvold: "He's one of the smartest guys to put on sneakers since Einstein."

• Kevin Cassidy, 15-year-old son of Cal State-Northridge Basketball Coach Pete Cassidy, watching his father protest a referee's call during a game against Cal Poly-San Luis Obispo by kicking the floor, flinging his arms in the air and angrily stalking up and down: "He does the same thing when I show him my report card."

END

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Vantage pleasures

*When you want
good taste
and low tar, too.*

5mg



9mg



ULTRA LIGHTS 100's: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine,
100's: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Hey, boss, how about the other Virginia? It's a terrific story idea: that the U.S. of A. has read and seen and heard enough about this R.S. of A.—Ralph Sampson of Awesomeville—and that the supporting Cavaliers, the unknown Cavaliers, the Cavaliers who aren't fortunate enough to be 7' 4", to have sandwiches named after them at the local deli and to be the center of universes, might be interesting subjects in their own right.

And they are: Coalden Othell Wilson. No, not the commanding officer of the 1st Virginia Regiment at Bull Run. This is the 6-foot gnattering gnat of the fast-break lanes, who's possibly the best defensive guard in college and probably the most underestimated overall. Wilson, a sophomore, was all over North Carolina State's Derek Wittenburg last week as Wittenburg missed the last-gasp jump shot that enabled Virginia to escape from Raleigh with a 39-36 victory. Do him. Or forward Craig Robinson, a junior who usually slumps so terribly in February that this season he's getting help from a sports psychologist. A jock shrink? Hey, Robinson made a lunging, off-balance garbage heave at the gun to beat Clemson 56-54 on Saturday. A Freudian slip

continued

Ralph Sampson is the best, but not the only, reason that Virginia's No. 1 **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Not Alone At The Top

Sampson is an out-of-this-world player with down-to-earth statistics: 16.7 points and 12.0 rebounds a game.





of a shot if there ever was one. Hey, great. Do him. Or senior Guard Jeff Jones, the slow white kid from Kentucky with the Fauntleroy locks who passes the ball and busts the zone—27 assists, four turnovers in his last five games. He's married and everything. Do him.

Want more angles? What about the freshmen who have contributed so

about the coach's photographer wife, Ann, poised under the basket, shooting the game? What about all those nicknames—Cavaliers, Wahos, Hoos, Cava-Whas? And The University—car window decals say, proudly, THE UNIVERSITY—and Thomas Jefferson and the Rotunda and The Lawn and all that Charlottesville ambience and . . . ? Do 'em all.

There's so much to describe about Virginia basketball and yet so little, because, all of a sudden, there comes a Dunk or a Block or a Play of a wholly different nature by Sampson. And the Play is invariably of such magnitude that it, well, transcends. Moreover, it—or they, because the Plays routinely occur in bunches—reader everything else about No. 1 ranked, hanging-on-to-its-reputation-by-the-thumbs, 24-1 Virginia agate-type stuff. Really, now. Can a dunk shot, which has become the *size qua now* of network television sports, still be news? Recent studies have revealed that there are now more closeup replays of dunks on your home screen than of Gary Coleman's cheeks. And how all-fired wonderful can a blocked shot be?

Sampson's arsenal is that compelling. Remember, he's hardly the young Virginia Slim anymore. He's 21 years old, 7' 4", 220 pounds, colossal, Broddingnagian, otherworldly. Indeed, if Randy (The Manster) White, a mere football player for the Dallas Cowboys, is half man, half monster, isn't Sampson a Sampster?

Dunk scene, take 1, roll tape. Sampson is posted high. He wheels without the ball one way. When North Carolina's Sam Perkins takes the bait, Sampson reverse-pivots and goes the other way. He leaps to the basket for a pass from Jones. It's an awful pass; teammates would later say it was the "worst pass of Jones's life." The pass is going out of the building, maybe all the way out of the ACC. Stop, freeze frame,

Block scene, takes 1 and 2. Virginia Tech's 6' 8" Gordy Bryan shoots a 12-footer from the baseline. Sampson vaults into the smoky haze and swats the ball forward, behind Bryan. Sampson comes down, roars past Bryan and catches his own block to begin a fast break. In the same game Tech's 6' 8" Dale Solomon goes up for his jumper. Sampson vaults again and intercepts Solomon's shot, absolutely swallows the thing whole, after which he descends and lopez out on the dribble himself to go coast to coast for what should be a basket at the opposite end. Trouble is, Sampson loses the ball. Tries to go behind his back. Those 7' 4" guards will never learn.

Crowd scene. Several dozen cops on the N.C. State campus block the path to the Virginia bus outside Reynolds Coliseum. They're buzzing, laughing, shrieking, waiting. Sampson appears at the building exit. Virginia has just won another slow-down affair; Sampson has made two clutching free throws in addition to an earlier jumping, double-clutching, off-the-dribble, deep baseline cloud hook that teammates swear they have never seen him shoot before; he's smiling, happy. A college kid runs up to Sampson and grabs him by the arm. "My man, Sampson," he shouts. "I got to shake your hand and thank you. I know you can't handle all these women by yourself."

Hold on. Is there anything that Sampson can't do now that he has grown up, can talk and take it easy with strangers and, yes, has learned how to play basketball? Before, when he carried the Cavaliers to the NIT championship in his first season and to the NCAA Final Four and was voted Player of the Year in his second, Holland would have had the world believe that Sampson really didn't know the game. So now?

On Jan. 9, when North Carolina, the hated Tar Heels, handed Virginia its only defeat through last Sunday, Sampson played the best game of his career: 30 points and 19 boards against the best underdog graduate front line on the planet. He was brilliant. The Tar Heels overcame a nine-point deficit to win by five because the other Cavs choked and the coaches choked. And they knew it. "We backed off," says Wilson.

In the rematch at Charlottesville on Feb. 3, Virginia blasted the Heels 74-58 specifically because the Cavaliers were so confident they would win that they

much? Or the bench? Seven different men have led the Cavs in scoring; nobody averages more than 31 minutes' playing time. Or the other tiny tot, Ricky Stokes, the one known as The Refugee because he appears to have just piddled ashore from Haiti? And what about the tweedy, cerebral coach, Terry Holland, and his tweedy, cerebral staff? What

slow motion. Sampson rises in the air, the V-I-R-G-I-N-I-A letters across his chest at least rim-high. He caresses the ball in both hands—unlike his famous catch and slam against Ohio State last season that was performed with one hand—and spikes it through the basket. Cut. The North Carolina bench is actually giggling, it is so preposterous.



Layup shooter Jones is no longer laid back.

never had time to be non-aggressive. Wilson undressed North Carolina playmaker Jimmy Black. Robinson scored 10 late points and bottled up James Worthy. Sampson? Eighteen points, 12 rebounds, a couple of Plays.

With their brand new, helter-skelter, running, attacking style—especially on defense—the Cavs are the spittin' image of the Tar Heels. Holland admits he patterned his presses and traps and substitu-

tions I and II were the bookends of the Virginia season. In defeat, the Cavs found out they were capable of maturing into a tartar horde. With victory, Virginia became one.

"Better than last year?" says Jeff Mullins, the former Duke and NBA star who now dabbles in ACC telecasts. "Virginia is 20 points better; Sampson is 40 percent better."

There have been Will's finger roll,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ACOGNO



Robinson has refused to shrink from the challenge of another demanding February.

tions after those that Dean Smith has used for years at Chapel Hill. Now the teams are carbons—except that Holland has more players to work with. When both perform well—forget the stalls and the polls and whatever happens in the NCAAAs—they are the two best teams in the land. And they are just about even. Except for one thing: Virginia has the Sampster.

Because of a schedule littered with virtual nobodies, the Cavaliers didn't know how good they were until they went to Chapel Hill for Carolina I. Caro-

Russell's pre-game vomiting and defensive timing, Abdul-Jabbar's sky hook, Walton's circle-the-wagons arm waving. "I am the next stage of basketball development," Sampson has said. Well, excuse me. Of course, he's right. But what of the Sampson trademark? Honestly, there are so many multiple defenses, staffed by so many players, being thrown at Sampson these days—the Clemson posse seemed to include that school's national champion football team, its Tiger Paws and a hundred Shawn Weatherly look-alike contest

winners—that it's hard to put a finger on Sampson's singular attribute. Except he is this: seven-foot-four. And he does this: something amazingly creative, a new and different move with or against the ball, every time out. "Ralph is Willie Mays on wheels," says Golden State scout Tom Newell. "He's got tricks he hasn't even thought up yet." And N.C. State Coach Jim Valvano says simply that Sampson is the most influential athlete in sport. Any sport. Whew!

Holland, his herringbone jacket in place, his charcoal-gray JFK haircut just so, is one of the more attractive, yet unfamiliar coaches in the business. He's also one of the best. He molded this team around Sampson with the craft of a Giotto. Last season Holland brought in the vest-pocket guards, Wilson and Stokes, as reserves—defensive reserves. This season, to replace the departed senior leaders, Jeff Lamp and Lee Raker, he brought in Tim Mullen and Jimmy Miller, cocky shooters both. The underclassmen have loosened up the Cavs with a youthful jocularity and created a relaxed atmosphere instead of a "moody" (Holland's word) one.

"I guess I am having more fun," Jones says. "I actually smiled on the court against Louisville. And before this season I swore I'd never give a high five." Now he deals digits with the best.

With quickness and depth at hand, the Cavs have ditched their deliberate half-court, stand-and-shoot offense, which allowed opponents to collapse and swarm around Sampson even more than they do now. Suddenly Virginia's game is an open-floor swirl of motion. The Cavaliers don't wait for the game to come to them anymore; whipped on by the resourceful and intimidating little ruffian, Wilson, they go out and get it. Obviously, living well is the best revenge. Last week, if that Wittenburg shot had dropped and Robinson's hadn't—Sampson's 24 rebounds aside—the Cavs might have lost twice.

Now all that's left for Virginia is to survive the filibusters in this stall-ball season, win the national championship and wait on pins and needles for yet another Sampson decision on whether to stay in school. "That'll probably be like Christmas shopping," Sampson says of turning pro. "I'll see something I like and that will be it."

In the meantime, yes, Santa Claus, there is another Virginia. **END**

Early in last Friday's Wanamaker Millrose Games, America's two best female hurdlers were racing down the middle of the Madison Square Garden sprint runway, side by side, trying to lower their shared 60-yard women's world indoor record of 7.47. On the left, leading with her left leg, was 23-year-old Stephanie Hightower, the 1981 U.S. outdoor women's champion. On the right, leading with her right leg, was Candy

A Matched Pair And A Matchless Miler

Hurdlers Candy Young and Stephanie Hightower and the magnificent Mary Decker Tabb starred at the Millrose Games **by CRAIG NEFF**



Young, a sophomore at New Jersey's Fairleigh Dickinson University. Young had started poorly, but by mid-race the two hurdlers were clearing the 33-inch-high barriers in unison, as if joined at the hip: outside legs rising first, bodies bending forward at the waist, inside legs being pulled through, outside legs touching down. They looked like partners in a three-legged race.

Just before the finish line, Young dipped her head and lunged forward. "I felt I was slightly ahead coming off that last hurdle," she said moments later, as judges puzzled over the photo of the finish. "I'm sure I won." But Hightower, too, claimed the victory. The leaner and more sinewy of the two, she had twisted her torso at the finish and caught the tape with her right shoulder. "I'm the one who got the rope burn," she said. Adding to the drama was one fact made clear by the photo: Whoever had won had also finished in 7.38, a world record by .09.

This was to be a night filled with records—and close calls. Half an hour after the famed Wanamaker Mile, runners and reporters were still debating about whether Tom Byers or Steve Scott had actually won (Scott had, in 3:55.37). While the judges were reading the women's hurdle picture, Renaldo Nehemiah ran the second-fastest 60-yard hurdle race ever (6.84), missing his own world best by .02, and Tennessee State sprinter Chandra Cheeseborough followed that with a 6.61 in the women's 60-yard dash, a mere hundredth off the world mark of Jeanette Bolden, whom Cheeseborough beat at Madison Square Garden by .03.

By the time the evening was over, the 75th Millrose Games had seen 14 meet, one American and two world records fall. And high jumper Dwight Stones and pole vaulter Billy Olson had lost their events only when they failed to clear world-record heights of 7' 8" and 18' 9½", respectively. (Milton Goode, last year's junior college champion, won the high jump at 7' 7" on the basis of fewer misses, while Earl Bell won the pole vault at 18' 6½".) "Your damn Millrose Games," Stones told meet director

Howard Schmertz. "I clear 7' 7" and finish second."

Oddly, for all the meet's excitement, neither Hightower nor Young had come to it with much enthusiasm. Hightower had broken her own American women's indoor 60-meter hurdle record a week earlier in Louisville and had been emotionally depleted by that performance. Young, on the other hand, recently had been through a personal tragedy. Her best friend's sister had been stabbed to death during a lovers' quarrel in East Orange, N.J. on Wednesday night. "When I heard, I just wanted to go home to my parents," said Young. "I lost all desire to run." But the friend—Martha Barnwell, a sophomore sprinter at Fairleigh Dickinson—persuaded Young to come to the



Decker Tabb is lonely on the track but not off it, now that she is married to marathoner Ron.

meet. "She said, 'Run for me, if not for yourself,'" Young related. "Still, tonight my heart and my thoughts were elsewhere."

She was briefly cheered by the news that she had been awarded the victory over Hightower, her rival for the last three years. "We're a lot like Nehemiah and Greg Foster," said Young, "except that we're still talking to each other." Both hurdlers were soon muttering to themselves, however, when the judges changed their minds and declared the race a world-record dead heat. "I nipped her at the end. I know it," said Hightower, who vowed she'd take sole possession of the record at next week's national indoor championships in New York City.

Young, with an ice pack on her throbbing left quadriceps, was more glum than she had been all evening. "Sharing it just isn't the same," she said.

Mary Decker Tabb, in contrast, was envious as she watched the evening's second photo finish, in the men's mile. She thought about how invigorating it would be to have someone challenge her. "Then I really would be competing," she said. "Now I'm just running against myself." In her four previous races this season—all victories, with women's world indoor records for the mile and 3,000 meters—she'd broken away from the field in the first 50 yards. In her closest race, a 1,500 in New Jersey's Byrne Meadowland Arena, she'd won by 50 yards.

continued

Young (left) and Hightower duelled stride-for-stride en route to a dead-heat record.



Padilla set a U.S. 5,000 mark of 13:20.55.

Decker Tabb's natural talent best explains her success, though this year she also has been competing with a lower percentage of body fat than ever before and probably has benefited from both her marriage to easygoing marathoner Ron Tabb and the 17-month break she took after the 1980 season because of injuries. She's running faster than she did in 1980, her best previous year, when she broke the women's world indoor 1,500 record at the Millrose as well as two other world and five American marks. "I was winning by such large margins that people began saying I was taking steroids," she said, giggling. "Can you believe that?" Then, looking down at her chest with a certain dismay, she added, "I certainly wasn't putting on inches in the obvious places."

This year's women's mile was being called the Double Decker because in it Decker Tabb hoped to break not only her three-week-old women's world indoor mile record of 4:24.6 but, en route, also her world indoor 1,500 mark of 4:00.8. "We'll time Mary at any distance she wants," said Schmertz, aware that Decker Tabb was one reason his meet had sold out five weeks in advance—a 15th meet record.

Decker Tabb wasted no time separating herself from the other makers, shedding all but one of them in her first lap of the track. Two-time Olympian Jan Merrill, however, was just a stride behind Decker Tabb and seemed determined to stick with her, if only to discover what such an experience is like. Poor Merrill. For two of the race's 11 laps, while the seven other runners fell 20 yards behind, she stayed within 10 feet of Decker Tabb. After three laps, she was 15 feet back. After four, she trailed by nearly 15 yards. One lap after that, consumed by her effort, Merrill was in ninth place. Dead last. Such is the consequence of running with Decker Tabb.

The 18,293 Garden fans reacted to the race with steady, shrill whistles for the first three laps, then moved through a clapping phase into a full, throaty roar. Ron Tabb, a short man with flashing blue eyes and a trim brown mustache, was in the infield in jeans and a leather jacket yelling, "High!" or "Low!" to his wife as she passed. "I was telling her how her splits compared to the pace she wanted," he explained. "You're not allowed to give the times themselves." But



because of the noise, Decker Tabb had some difficulty hearing even the splits called out by the P.A. announcer. "My pace seemed to be pretty even, and that's what I wanted," she said.

As Decker Tabb came into the final two laps, the crowd was standing and those in the infield were waving her along with broad windmill gestures. Her time for three-quarters of a mile had been 3:15.2, putting her within striking distance of a 1,500 record and a mile time in the high four-teens. But Decker Tabb didn't have enough strength left to accelerate over the final 440 yards, and she passed 1,500 meters in 4:03.6. She hit the tape in 4:21.47, almost 12 seconds ahead of Lenna Warren of the University of Oregon, easily setting a world mile mark off splits of 64.2, 64.7, 66.3 and 66.3. That's even pace.

"I'm excited, but I really wanted to get under 4:20," she said, looking very dark-eyed from too heavy an application of mascara. "The crowd here is so good to me," she continued. "It seems that I start to hear them when I begin slowing down. But a lot of times I can't really tell when I'm slowing down." Not enough practice, perhaps.

While Decker Tabb was describing her race, which would win her the meet's Outstanding Athlete Award, the men's 5,000-meter run began. The favorites in it were indoor 5,000 world-record holder Suleman Nyambu of UTEP and Tanzanian and Alberto Salazar, the world-record holder in the marathon and the American record holder in the indoor

James Robinson won the 800 in 1:47.51, an American record for an 11-lap track.



Goode bent over backward for a personal best, which he needed to win the high jump.

5,000. The dark horse appeared to be 25-year-old Doug Padilla, a fifth-year senior at Brigham Young. Padilla, last year's NCAA indoor two-mile champion, is an over-aged student only because he devoted two of his regular college years to Mormon missionary work in El Salvador. He had already beaten both Nyambui and Salazar in indoor races this season, and a week before the Millrose he had won a mile, in 3:56.3, over a strong field at the Los Angeles Times meet. Yet Salazar, whose loss to Padilla had been at two miles at Portland in late January, was still writing him off. "I think the race [about 3.1 miles] is too long for him," said Salazar. "He tends to fall asleep for a couple of laps in there."

Salazar himself wanted to run as well as he had in January's U.S. Olympic Invitational 5,000 in New Jersey; in that race he would have broken Nyambui's world record had he not been jostled to the track in the early going. Right after that race, Alberto and his father, José, happened to see Schmetz. "If you want my son to run in your meet, you'd better set that track up the night before so he can practice on it," said José Salazar.

"Dad, that wasn't why I fell," whispered Alberto. "Besides, setting up the

track for an extra night in Madison Square Garden costs like \$90,000 or something."

"Still, he should do it," maintained José.

Salazar took the lead from Padilla three laps into the 34-lap race and held it until only six laps were left. "It was a pity," one spectator would say later. "Alberto did all the work." Padilla, whose strategy had been to "stay with Alberto," did just that until 5½ laps remained, at

which point Nick Rose of Great Britain slipped inside him, next to the curb. "I wanted to make my move with two laps to go, but when Nick forced me wide, I had to take the lead then," said Padilla. "I was running scared."

Nyambui was never a factor, and Salazar, who carried the race through the first mile in 4:18.8 and the second mile in 8:36.0, eventually faded to fourth. "No excuses," he said. "I just wasn't strong enough." Having passed the three-mile mark in 12:56.9, Padilla kicked and pulled away from his closest pursuers, Rose and another Briton, Geoff Smith. He reached the finish in 13:20.55, seven yards ahead of Rose and 2:05 under Salazar's U.S. indoor record, and then collapsed from fatigue.

Salazar came over to help him. "Thank you for the race," said Padilla, who is exceptionally polite and humble. He had run a personal best by 13 seconds, missing Nyambui's world record by only .15 of a second, and couldn't believe what he had accomplished. "I had all kinds of doubts. I wasn't sure I'd be able to run the whole race," he said a few minutes afterward, still slightly wobbly. "It's kind of hard to put myself in a class with these guys."

Padilla tilted his head to the right and started hitting above his right ear with his palm, like a swimmer clearing out water. "This night has been like a dream," he said, and skipped the side of his head again. "Just like a dream," he repeated. "My head is buzzing." **END**

Bell outlasted Olson, hanging on to win with a Millrose Games-record vault of 18' 6".



There's No Stopping The Bucks



Despite injuries and a key holdout, Milwaukee is a big winner because of Sidney Moncrief's sparkling play

by ANTHONY COTTON

It's time to put to rest a couple of rumors regarding the heard but not seen Milwaukee Bucks. It isn't true that the Bucks have been jinxed this year by a cover story in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. And it is patently false that Sidney Moncrief, who is one of the best guards in the NBA and certainly the most versatile, will simultaneously play for and coach the Bucks while providing color commentary for CBS. Ridiculous. Everyone knows CBS doesn't know where Milwaukee is.

It is a fact, though, that this season an inordinately large number of Bucks have been held out with an assortment of injuries. Then there's Marques Johnson, who just held out, period. In only three games this season have all 12 Milwaukee players been healthy enough to suit up. Swingman Junior Bridgeman, who has missed 20 games with a strained right knee, tendinitis in his left foot and a pulled left hamstring, speaks for his teammates when he says, "This year has just been one continual pain."

Despite all Milwaukee's injuries, it's the Bucks' opponents who are really hurting. Through last Sunday's 125-97 victory at Cleveland, the Bucks' ninth win in a row, which ran their record to 36-14, they were 14½ games ahead of Detroit and Indiana in the Central Division. In intradivision games Milwaukee is 15-4. Of course the division race was probably decided when the schedules were published, but the Bucks' impressive record hasn't been built entirely on cheap wins. In head-to-head competition among the league's top five teams (Boston, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, San Antonio and Seattle), the Bucks have the best record (7-2) and have six consecutive wins. In one recent six-day span they defeated the Lakers, 76ers and Celtics.

One of the few knocks on the Bucks over the past few seasons has been their inability to defeat Eastern Conference ri-

vals Boston and Philly in the playoffs. Eight years ago, the Kareem Abdul-Jabbar-led Bucks dropped a seven-game championship series to the Celtics. And last spring the Bucks lost a 99-98 heart-breaker to the 76ers in Philadelphia in the seventh game of the conference semifinals. Now Coach Don Nelson speaks hopefully of beating out the Sixers or Celtics or both for the home-court playoff advantage. But whether or

not Milwaukee does that, Nelson says, "We have to get that Boston-Philly thing out of the back of our minds."

The way the Bucks have overcome their injuries would seem to indicate that they can handle any challenge. "People don't remember two or three games down the line if you were hurt or not," Nelson says. "It's whether you won or lost." Adds Dallas Maverick Coach Dick Motta, "You can't use the injuries as an

excuse

This Marques Johnson move left Magic Johnson (32) and Bob McAdoo (11) awestruck.



Moncrief uses his quick first step to put Indiana's Butch Carter through the paces.

excuse to just go through the motions; you just have to hope you're deep enough to cover them. Milwaukee is."

Two seasons ago, when the Bucks traded for instant respectability in Center Bob Lanier, the self-proclaimed Almighty Wonder, from Detroit, the team's

drudge was signed as a free agent. He was released on Nov. 25. Guard Mike Evans was let go in late December but had to be re-signed 11 days later because of additional injuries to other players. Naturally, less than two weeks later Evans got hurt and was waived on Feb. 10.

The most bizarre move came on Nov. 20. Kevin Stacom, a former Celtic who was working as a bartender in Newport, R.I., drove up to Boston to watch a Celtics-Bucks game. While he was talking over breakfast with Nelson, a former Boston teammate, the subject of injuries came up. "I've got my sneakers out in the Jeep," Stacom said. Which is all Nelson needed to hear. That night, Stacom—who had starred at nearby Providence College in the early '70s—had a homecoming of sorts, scoring 10 points on 5-of-8 shooting in a 112-89 Buck defeat.

"I hit my first basket and they cheered for me," Stacom said. "I was just trying to get down the floor. I see where [Boston Coach] Bill Fitch said I had a Walter Mitty night. I said, 'Who the hell is Walter Mitty? Some literary figure?'"

In 20 days on the team, Stacom played in all but one of the Bucks' eight games, averaging almost 13 minutes, 4.3 points, an assist and a rebound a game. Then Marques Johnson came to terms and Stacom came back to reality, which in this case is the Dockside Saloon in Newport, R.I., of which he is the co-proprietor.

Nelson may have been able to settle an old bar tab by picking up Stacom, but four days earlier the Bucks made a move that has paid really big dividends. Nelson was "just looking for a body," when he acquired Scott May on waivers from Chicago. A former No. 1 draft pick from Indiana University, May fell on nothing but hard times with the Bulls, beginning in his rookie season, 1976-77, when he missed 10 games with mononucleosis. Things went from bad to worse, and May was released by Chicago on Oct. 27.

May has avoided injury with the Bucks and averaged 9.1 points and 19.2 minutes per game. "There are at least six or seven games that we wouldn't have won without him," Nelson says.

May's signing made a happy man out

of Milwaukee Point Guard Quinn Buckner, a teammate of May's at Indiana. "I was so tickled when we got him I didn't know what to do with myself," Buckner says. "He's playing the way he did in college. I have total confidence in him; I'd give him the ball anywhere on the court. I wouldn't do that with everyone on this team."

Ironically, May might not be a Buck today had Marques Johnson been in camp when the season started. Marques held out when the renegotiation of his six-year pact hit snags, first over the amount of money he'd receive and then over the manner of payment. Johnson reportedly wanted to play in a bigger city, so he'd have a greater opportunity for a career in television or movies. To that end, during the negotiations Johnson supposedly spent his time shooting commercials in L.A. instead of hoops in Milwaukee.

Actually, Johnson says, the time was spent doing a lot of nothing. "I was trying to let things work below the surface," Johnson says. "I went public the first time and things got crazy." Since he signed an eight-year contract worth an estimated \$8 million and returned to the Bucks, Johnson through Sunday had averaged 14.4 points a game. He'd also missed two games with a sprained ankle, which is to say, he fit right in.

Although Nelson has often said that his team is built around Johnson, the Bucks weren't rattled by his absence, or by the injuries—mainly because of their system. Under Nelson, who has won 254 games in less than five seasons as a coach, the Bucks probably get more repetitive instruction than any team in the league. "We can attack a team's weaknesses rather than only being able to depend on one man," Nelson says of his methods.

As a result, the Milwaukee offense is a series of options upon options, with the choice of which option to use depending on who is on the court. With Marques Johnson at small forward a particular play may result in a shot being taken from 10 feet in. With Bridgeman the same play will yield a 15-foot jumper. The options work so well that seven Milwaukee players are averaging 12 or more points. At the top of the list stands the 6' 4" Moncrief, who at week's end not only led the Bucks in scoring, with 20.0 points per game, but also in rebounds, with 6.7 a game, and assists, 5.2. He was

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMASE



May jumped at the chance to play in Milwaukee.

management came up with the slogan "Green and Growing" and plastered it on media guides and highlight films, much to the chagrin of the players, who thought it sounded as if they had some sort of fungus. Now the line in the front office is that the team is "Ripe and Ready." Wisely, the players have been kept ignorant of this slogan. In light of their injuries, Brittle and Broken might be more appropriate. Bucks players have missed more than 60 games because of injuries, leading Nelson to almost desperate measures. During Marques Johnson's 18-game holdout at the start of the season, 34-year-old Forward Bob Dan-

SEAGRAM'S GIN MAKES YOUR BLOODY MARY LETTER PERFECT.

The smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin makes the best drinks possible. Enjoy our quality in moderation.



50% ALC/VOL (100 PROOF) SEAGRAM'S GIN. ©1993 SEAGRAM'S GIN COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

King, 1 mg "tar", 0.1 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1995 B&W T Co.



99% tar free.

The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

the only player in the league topping his team in all three categories. To boot, Moncrief had 368 foul-shooting attempts, fifth highest in the NBA and almost twice as many as that of the closest Buck, Mickey Johnson. Moncrief had made 295 of those, for an .802 free-throw percentage.

Those are some of the more quantifiable accomplishments of a player who Nelson thought might be too undisciplined when he joined the Bucks from Arkansas in 1979. "I remember seeing a facetious quote from Sidney earlier this year," Nelson says. "It went, 'I was a fundamentally unsound player when I joined the Bucks, but due to Coach Nelson's great diligence and patience...'"

If nothing else, four years playing for Coach Eddie Sutton at Arkansas left Moncrief well schooled in the basics—especially on defense. In the finals of the 1979 NCAA Midwest Regionals in Cincinnati, the Razorbacks were being destroyed by Indiana State's Larry Bird. Despite a five-inch height disadvantage, Moncrief was assigned to guard Bird and held him to six points—two field goals and two free throws—in the game's final 10 minutes, which almost won the game for the Hogs; they lost 73-71 to the eventual national finalists. Bird remembers that game, as well as a Celtics-Bucks encounter earlier this season when Moncrief, playing at small forward, held him to 15 points. Moncrief ran the club's spread offense and scored 29 points and had 12 assists. "I was more of a scorer in college but he still did the job on me," Bird says. "He does everything you're supposed to do on defense and doesn't take any short cuts. Plus he does it every night."

Moncrief's blossoming as an offensive star—he averaged only 16.9 points a game in college—has resulted in a change in the Bucks' system. "We've learned how to adapt to him," Nelson says. "We used to run plays for him and expect him to do the same things that our other off guard, Brian Winters, did: come around the pick and shoot the jump shot. But he likes different shots."

Now Nelson seems willing to cater to Moncrief's every whim. Two weeks ago Moncrief was fighting a cold and asked Nelson about the heat at the local high school where the Bucks would practice at 11 o'clock the next day. At the workout Moncrief told Nelson that the gym was satisfactorily heated. "Good," re-

plied Nelson, "I was here at 6 this morning stoking the fire so you'd be warm enough."

Not that Moncrief's about to become hot stuff. "I don't know what that is," says Moncrief. "Maybe it was growing up in Arkansas, going to school there. It was slower paced, there wasn't much for the average person to do there. Milwaukee... things aren't much different."

Life probably would be the same for Moncrief wherever he played. Last month, the Bucks flew his parents from Little Rock to New Jersey for the All-Star game and the hullabaloo in New York that preceded it. "We had a good time, but I don't think it'll happen again," says Moncrief, the implication being that, for parents and son, things were just a bit too slick.

Life in the Little Rock of Moncrief's youth was pretty much cut and dried: Racism? No big deal. "Maybe it helped me mature earlier," Moncrief says. "I learned to take all the abuse and adversity I like to think I'm a nice person but deep down I'm hard. If the situation requires it, I can be aggressive. I have been before. I'd just prefer not to go that route."

Of course, that could lead to a loss of recognition and the attendant financial benefits. "I'll let my playing do the talking for me," Moncrief says. "I'd like to be recognized more than I am. Sometimes I wish I were different. I hope people take notice of me, but I can't be concerned if they do or not."

It's hard to focus on Moncrief because, apart from the occasional breakaway slam or the acrobatic layup, nothing in his game stands out. He doesn't have Winters' arching jump shot or Bird's uncanny passing touch. In fact the most noticeable thing about Moncrief has little to do with the actual playing of the game. Running on his toes, he prances, like a champion show horse keeping time to some inner beat. Moncrief also engages in little of the bantering that goes on during games between opposing players on the floor or the locker-room joking among teammates. "It's not that he's stuffy or arrogant, he's just a total professional," says Bucks' Vice-

President John Steinmiller. "If everyone in the league were like him it would be IBM instead of NBA." Adds Nelson, "I think I've heard him tell one joke since he's been here."

There's a good reason for that. "I don't get paid to tell jokes," Moncrief says. "I'm paid to play basketball." That's not to say he can't be funny. The



This is known as putting a full Nelson on the refs.

incessant disco music pulsating throughout the Milwaukee dressing room before a recent game paused for no more than five seconds between songs. All eyes fell upon Moncrief, the owner of the tape deck. Sheepishly, Sidney fell into a long-winded and nonsensical discourse about a foul-up on his reel-to-reel recording system. "Well, it goes like this," Moncrief said as he went to a chalkboard and drew a complete diagram of his recording system, professionally pinpointing the problem as his teammates roared with laughter.

That night Moncrief scored 19 points in a 117-92 laughter over the Mavericks. The dressing room excuse was lame but Moncrief wasn't and Milwaukee would like to keep it that way into the playoffs and beyond.

For Sisters, A Very Good Year

They can't outwrite Charlotte and Emily, outglitter Joan and Olivia or outwarble Patti, LaVerne and Maxene, but it's safe to say those celebrated sisters could not, in several lifetimes, outrow Judy and Carlie Geer, outrebound Pam and Paula McGee or outskate Mary and Sarah Docter. These American athletes are stars in their sports—and like all siblings, subject to rivalries made the more poignant by their ties of blood. Herewith, the sisters of the year.

In one fluid movement they push their oar handles away from themselves, sliding aft on their seats, their knees coming up to their armpits, their arms extended as far in front of them as possible till they make the catch, dropping the blades down into the water, and whooomph, they uncoil, pulling the oar handles back—legs straightening out, arms back, backs back, hands back to their stomachs, then again, reach, whooomph, pull back, reach, whooomph, back. The boat is full of Geer sisters—two—the U.S. women's double-sculls champions.

"For me," says Judy Geer, at 28 the older of the pair, "the pleasure of rowing is in the way the boat feels when it's going well. You take one stroke, you let it run out, you're perfectly balanced, you're getting something free; you can't

wait to take another stroke, it feels so good. It's so easy to hurt and kill yourself when the boat responds."

Judy, who in October set a course record for the women's single sculling event at the renowned Head of the Charles regatta, might not have become America's top woman sculler if it weren't for the inescapable impetus she receives daily from her admiring, inexhaustible 24-year-old sister, Carlie, who, like Judy, is both a champion sculler and a champion sibling.

"Carlie's great," says Judy, whose serene chapped-tooth grin is visible even in the darkness of the Dartmouth boathouse where the Geers keep their skulls. "We're mutually bound to each other to do well. I'm really grateful to her for her drive."

Neither of them does anything with-

out a whole lot of drive, or without somehow messing up her short boyish hair. "I'm psyched to take a nap," Carlie will say, throwing off her backpack and charging to her bedroom. They even knit as if it were an aerobic exercise.

"Knitting is a lot like rowing," says Judy. "You do the same motion over and over. In knitting, you throw in patterns; in rowing, you throw in different drills. Last summer at the world championship in Germany, the U.S. team had a talent show in which I brought out two oars and a plastic bag that I put on the ground. Then I sat down, took some yarn out of the bag and started to knit with the oars.

"See, I like symmetry. In sculling and knitting, your hands are right here in the middle; you're perfectly balanced."

Both Geers graduated from Dartmouth College—Judy with an A.B. in bi-

These Geers Are In Overdrive

With Judy in bow and Carlie at stroke, the Geers are the best women's double scullers in the United States

by JOAN ACKERMANN-BLOUNT



ology in 1975, Carlie with an A.B. in geography in December of 1980—and both have remained in Hanover, N.H., where every possible day they tear up turf, water, pavement and/or snow as they run, row, swim, hike and/or cross-country ski themselves into the extraordinary shape they are in. In winter, when ice on the Connecticut River, which runs through the Dartmouth campus, makes rowing impossible, they work out on a machine called a rowing ergometer and in the school's rowing tanks.

Although their temperaments are very different, their builds are similar. As they stand side by side at the end of the dock, sweaty and disheveled, watching corn husks float down the Connecticut ("In Philadelphia they have bodies floating down the river," says Judy), their broad shoulders merge into a formidable front, poised and eager to blast out over the

water. Carlie is the more likely to get moody and upset. She walks with a slight cockiness, kind of a restrained cowboy swagger that makes her seem to be roaming even when she's standing still. Judy is more the peacemaker, steady, resilient, an intellectual who carries her strength with an easy, self-contained grace.

"We're competitive with each other," says Judy, "and that makes us work harder. Sometimes our competitiveness works against us because it makes us overtrain. Neither of us likes to have the other one work more."

"We're getting better at telling each other not to row if we're both tired," says Carlie. "But really, our main problem is having someone tell us not to work."

Carlie, who won the singles at the nationals in San Diego last June—Judy, who was saving an aching back for other events, didn't compete—came in fourth

at the Head of the Charles. It isn't easy having an older sister who beats you all the time.

"Judy's got a certain racing edge that I've still got to get," Carlie says. "I'm as strong as she is; she's just got a little more ability to kill herself than I do."

"It can get frustrating. Sure I'd love to beat her. Sometimes I feel like I just keep chasing her and chasing her. I was really upset at the Charles. I'd felt good and thought I'd rowed well, but then there were all these people congratulating Judy, and nobody was congratulating me. I thought, 'Gee, here I can't even appreciate the fact that I had a good race!'"

She hasn't had to get too upset too often, because for most of her international rowing career she has performed in a double with Judy. Judy has been on the women's national team since continued





Ice on the Connecticut doesn't stop the Geers' workouts: They hit the ergometers.

THE SISTERS continued

1976; Carlie didn't join her until the year before last. When the two of them decided to pack all their muscle and gumption into one boat, the results were remarkable. Two summers ago at the European Championships in Lucerne, Switzerland, they came in a close second to the world champion East Germans. At an international regatta in Amsterdam that summer, they won two days in a row and set a course record.

Last June at the San Diego nationals, they triumphed in every sculling event; Carlie won the singles, together they won the doubles, and with two other women they won the quad event. In July they had the honor of being in the first boat on the water in the first women's race ever held at England's Is-did, 142-year-old, heretofore men-only Henley Royal Regatta; the Geers, who came in a close second behind a Canadian boat, are too down-to-earth to have been anything but amused by all the fanciness.

"Showers? Why take showers during the summer?" says Carlie, showing typical Geer disdain for all but the absolute necessities of life. "Why bother? You just get dirty again in a couple of hours, and it's such a waste of water. We swim every day, anyway."

Both of them were relieved that the tradition of presenting a flower to the boats that make it to the world championship finals was discontinued last summer. "I mean, flowers," says Judy. "You know a flower just wilts and dies. Now, if they gave us a plant, a potted plant, maybe an herb I could cook with, now that would be practical."

Because of the Olympic boycott—the Geers were the 1980 U.S. Olympic women's doubles team—it wasn't until the world championships in Munich last August that they had a chance to test their mettle and strategy against all the real heavies: the Soviets, Bulgarians and Romanians as well as the East Germans.

Of the teams that reached the finals, the Geers, who finished fifth, were the only one not financially supported by its government. They weighed at least 30 pounds less than any of the other teams. The pairs of Eastern Europe, endowed with salaries, weight and experience, were products of an assembly line; the Geer sisters, endowed with Yankee ingenuity, pluck, hand-knitted socks and a natural rowing style, were products of the Vermont woods and a family that was delighted to dig up an old cast-iron turbine in its backyard.

Home to Carlie and Judy isn't Hano-

ver or Darien, Conn., where they grew up and where their parents still live most of the time. Home is the rambling old farmhouse in West Fairlee, Vt., where the family spends summers and vacations, where Carlie clings to the rafters in the garage while using her body weight to hold down the lid of the ice-cream freezer—Oreo cookie is a favorite flavor—as Judy or any of a number of bearded friends cranks.

"The cows are eating your Jeep again, dear," says the sisters' mother, Julia, 55, poking her head into the farmhouse living room, where her ever-industrious husband, Pete, 61, is down on his hands and knees. "They love the upholstery," Julia, whom everyone calls Jeff, explains to a visitor.

Pete, dressed in paint-spattered clothes, grins and continues to drive nails into the hardwood floor he is laying down. Outside the window a friend's hefty black-and-white cows, which are grazing on the Geers' land, continue to reach over the fence and munch on the stuffing of the dilapidated Jeep parked by the barn.

"I actually married my husband because his family had a 42-foot yawl; they used to take me up to Maine," Jeff says, leaning through an old National Geographic. "When Judy was a baby, I made formula on the boat and I used to wash diapers by tying them to a line and towing them behind the boat."

"I've always loved to work with my hands and make things," says Pete, hammering away. "You know, the five of us built that sugar house out back—only cost us \$150 for the materials. Last year we made 20 gallons of maple syrup."

The Geers hope eventually to make their own electricity. There probably aren't very many families in America who have a turbine buried in the backyard. Most of the ones that do probably go through life without even knowing it's there.

"I knew that years ago there were cider and saw mills along the river that runs through the property," Pete says, "so when I saw a little pipe sticking out of the ground back there, I was intrigued."

Some folks might see a little pipe sticking out of the ground and just think, "Hmmm, here's a little pipe sticking out of the ground." Pete got a shovel and his two daughters and son, Bart—now 26 and an investment analyst—and they

took turns digging. The little pipe turned out to be connected to a two-ton turbine that had been mined for some 60 years. The Geers rented a crane to hoist it up. Now they plan to rebuild a small dam that once existed on the river and make electricity for themselves, their neighbors and the power company.

"Oh, the turbine was in great shape," says Pete. "Perfectly usable. I bought a cheap secondhand generator, and now all we're waiting for to set up our hydroelectric station is for the state to send out some engineers who will assure our neighbors that the dam won't cause flooding."

He doesn't need such assurance for himself because he is an engineer, mechanical, to be precise. He's the third generation of his family in the profession, and Judy, who's now pursuing her master's in engineering at Dartmouth's Thayer School, will, of course, be the fourth. "I promised myself when I was a young man that I would own my own company by the time I was 40," says Pete. "When I turned 39 I quit my job and started my own metal-stamping business in Norwalk, Conn. It's a fun little company but there were 10 years there when we ate hot dogs of the lowest quality—goat."

It's easy to imagine Carlie and Judy rowing on the Connecticut with a goat in their boat, a calm, self-contained goat who'd enjoy a good breeze, maybe share a carrot or a bran muffin, but it's inconceivable that they'd be found rowing (or kneading whole-wheat dough or knitting or square dancing or cranking their ice-cream freezer or collecting maple syrup or skiing in a 50-mile marathon or cycling in the rain through Hanover, where Carlie works as a waitress) with a hot dog, of any quality, inside their stomachs or their boat.

"They're both too obsessed with food," says Pete, "those health nuts."

Beans, rice, peanut butter, cottage cheese, salad and bread are their daily fare. They climb into their chairs at a dining-room table with the same enthusiasm with which they climb into their boat. Carlie salivates at the sight of her evening salad, a mountain of greens with substrata of other vegetables heaving and shifting under landslides of cottage cheese, yogurt and wheat germ.

At the White House reception that President Carter gave for the U.S. Olympians last year after the boycott, Judy

quietly took the cook aside. "I told him, 'Look, there are a lot of vegetarians here who need something more nutritional to eat than meat and strawberries,'" she says. "They thought I was a pain, but after a while they produced some cheese and vegetables in tinfol. They were actually pretty nice about it."

"Carlie always wanted to row with Judy," Jeff says. "We have a photograph of Carlie in Montreal, when Judy rowed in the '76 Olympics. Carlie's sulking and saying, 'In 1980 I'm going to row in the double with Judy.' When Judy was a port oar in the Dartmouth women's eight, Carlie took up an oar on the opposite side, just in case they ever wanted to

hot showers and baths," says Jeff. "I wanted to get our money's worth. We had a big color TV and I told Pete to turn it on, but he said, 'Nah, it's too fancy. I wouldn't know how to work it.'"

"As a little girl," says Jeff, "Carlie was really kind of a tiny little thing."

Carlie is now 5' 7" and 140 pounds. Judy is 5' 9" and 150 pounds. Compared to the Soviet scullers—one of whom traded sweat pants with Judy, giving Judy a pair both she and Carlie can step into—they might be called small. But when they swim, if that's the right verb for an action that leaves a rough wake across quarter-mile-wide Lake Farlee, near the farm, neither of them looks like



His daughters' concern with certain foods, says Pete, qualifies them as "health nuts."

compete in a pair. (In double sculling, each oarswoman has two oars; in pairs rowing, each has one.) And then when Judy started sculling, Carlie did, too. But honestly, I don't know where these athletes came from; we're really just an average American family."

The cat is staring out the window at the cows while Jeff washes the dishes in an unaverage-American-family way—with water she has heated on the stove. There's no running hot water in the farmhouse, but nobody seems to miss it. (When the elder Geers went to Boston to watch the Head of the Charles, "We stayed in a Holiday Inn and I took lots of

a tiny little thing; with the morning light dripping from their elbows, their arms look like oars plowing steadily through the water.

Whether they're in the water going forward, or on the water going backward, the Geer sisters are propelled by a common turbine buried deep in their genes.

"Rowers tend to be very bright people," Larry Gluckman, the men's crew coach at Princeton and the Geers' coach for the world championships, said last July during a practice. "They have to take something that doesn't appear to be very complicated and perfect it." He was

continued

cruising in a motorboat in the pouring rain, alongside the sisters as they worked out in their double on the Connecticut. "They also have to be very brave. Competitive rowing is one of the most exasperating sports there is.

"O.K. now," he yelled out to them through a megaphone, "let's get that feeling as fast as we can so we can savor the water. Just lean onto that oar handle, lean. Soft hands now... oh-yesh, soft hands, letting the blades lock fast onto the water, feel that little mound of water before you lock the blades firmly on."

Balanced on the long thin line that was their boat, the Geers moved back and forth in perfect unison, like two windshield wipers battling against the rain; their skill made the motion look effortless, although each stroke pulled their combined weight of 290 pounds plus the 65 pounds of the shell rapidly through the water. The motion of the delicate boat was so smooth and steady that it appeared unrelated to their rhythmic swaying. Judy sat as usual in the bow—the appropriate seat for the older, guiding sister—turning around every now and then to steer, while Carlie sat in the stern setting the stroke. Beyond them the riverbank was a blur of lush greens; treetops leaned over the water like the heads of an audience crowding over a guardrail.

"To row well," says Judy, "you have to relax between strokes; you have to

wham it and relax, wham it and relax. Ideally, the recovery time should be longer than the time the blade is in the water.

"The thing about reaching out for another stroke," she says, "is that you've got the boat going in one direction and here you are, going in the other direction. You have to kind of tip-toe up through the momentum so you don't slow the boat down."

"Good linkage now," called Larry. "Think about leaning, feel the lean from the lower back, clean catches, the movement on the drive parallel to the water, hands parallel to the water, pull through, like swatting a bottle off a table; long arms now, we don't want the elbows inverted toward each other."

A Dartmouth eight coming down the river looked like a densely populated city compared to the double. Its oars—four to a side—looked like the legs of a centipede, reaching forward, disappearing under the water momentarily and then resurfacing.

"See how blank their faces are?" said Gluckman, watching the sisters. "They're concentrating." He stared at them with his head tilted sideways, as though he were regarding a painting. "I really enjoy coaching these women. They're such fine athletes, and they're so committed to each other."

The Head of the Charles was the last

race of 1981. After that the Geers still rowed on the Connecticut, wearing their "poges," hand-knit mittens that go over their hands and their oar handles, until the ice forced them to the ergometers in the basement of the Dartmouth gym.

Judy is spending the winter making mathematical models of what happens when salty inland seawater mixes with water in the sea currents. Eventually, it could help in navigation. In 1977 she was accepted at Dartmouth Medical School, but she decided not to go. "That summer I made the nationals, and I was still racing in the fall when school started," she says. "I told them to forget it. What I'd wanted to do was study sports medicine, to work with healthy people, with food, muscles, athletes. I realized that if I went to med school I'd be working with sick people in hospitals for 10 years. And I was not going to give up rowing, dammit."

"I like this project," she says of her thesis, "because it's so creative." She sits, wearing an old, green plaid shirt that would be a find in a Vermont thrift shop, in the living room of the little red carriage house she rents with a friend. It looks out onto the river. "I mean, I could come up with something really bizarre." She makes a sweeping motion in the air with her hands and falls back laughing. The next second she is examining a new crop of calluses.

"I've got blood blisters under my calluses," she says, amused. "You know, I'm proud of them. I like to lean back and look at one and remember, 'Hm, that was a good row.'"

"Carlie and I do a lot of square dancing, and a little while ago I suddenly wondered what those guys must think when they grab our hands. But then I realized that they were mostly loggers and they wouldn't even feel them, anyway."

Carlie will continue waitressing at Peter Christian's pub and living in a small house she shares with two friends. She's thinking of applying to graduate schools to study nutrition.

"I know I ought to get away and go off on my own," she says, straddling her bicycle while munching on a carrot, "but I'd really love to go to grad school here. Part of the feeling is that Judy's here and I like training with her. To be honest, I love doing things where it's just the two of us."

Chances are that it will be just the two of them in the U.S. women's doubles boat in the 1984 Olympics.



Cross-country skiing. Cycling. Swimming. You name it, the Geers do it—with vigor.

CONTINUED

**"How tough is
it to get oil out
of the ground?
Try sipping
soda through a
sponge."**

— Bob Hope



Geologists say more than 50% of all the oil ever discovered in the United States is still trapped underground in the pores of rocks. Now Texaco's using enhanced recovery techniques to force more of that oil out to meet your future energy needs.

The usual pumping methods just can't tap all of the oil here in the U.S. That's because so much is locked away in the ground like water in a sponge, except the "sponge" is often solid rock. With enhanced recovery techniques like steam-flooding and carbon dioxide flooding, Texaco's now recovering some of

that oil! In the years ahead, we'll be trying even more advanced techniques to recover more of the energy you need, and to recover more of it here at home.



**You can trust the Star
at home and in your car.**

USC Has Doubled Its Fun

Paula and Pam McGee, the Trojans' 6' 3" Ebony Bookends, have led their team to a No. 2 ranking in women's basketball **by ROGER JACKSON**

On the night of Jan. 29, moments after Oregon had become the 14th consecutive victim of Southern California's women's basketball team, Duck Coach Elwin Heiny propped himself up against a wall outside the losers' locker room. A small group of reporters had gathered to hear him assess his team's 86-64 defeat and the damage USC's

6' 3" Ebony Bookends, identical twins Paula and Pam McGee, had wrought. Let's see: 46 points, 32 rebounds, combined 57.1% shooting with only two of their 20 baskets coming from farther than four feet. "All I can say about the McGee twins is that they're awesome," said Heiny. Indeed, the twins alone had outrebounded the taller Ducks 32-30,

including a 17-10 advantage on the offensive boards. "It was their second effort that really made the difference," Heiny continued. "Both of them are incredible."

A few hours before, during his team's afternoon shoot-around in a chilly Los Angeles Sports Arena, Heiny had discussed the strategy that few teams have been able to implement—though many have tried—this season against the Trojans. "To stop USC you have to stop the McGees," he said. "You have to have help on them; you can't match up with them one-on-one. Two 6' 3" players with their agility and strength on the same team—you just don't find that too often."

Indeed, no women's team has a pair of performers who can match the McGees for sheer athletic ability. Each stretches 170 exquisitely proportioned pounds across her frame. Each is blessed with sprinter's speed and yet has the strength to overpower most opponents. Off the court the McGees are stylish, elegant and free of the self-consciousness that causes many tall women to slouch or forgo wearing high-heeled shoes. "For my part I think that being a woman is something to be enjoyed," says Paula. "When I'm not playing, it's time to be a lady."

On the court the McGees, sophomores from Flint, Mich., are anything but ladylike. Last season, Paula, playing out of position at center, and Pam, coming off the bench, led Southern Cal to a 26-8 record and its first appearance in the AIAW Final Four. This year, with both of them in the starting lineup, the Trojans had won all 18 of their games through Sunday, were the only unbeaten college team—male or female—in the country, and were ranked second in the AP poll.

Following last week's 79-58 victory over Arizona, Paula, who's now playing her natural forward spot, was averaging 20.5 points and 10.7 rebounds, and Pam had responded to her new role as a starting center by scoring 20.7 points and getting 11.7 rebounds a game. She was also shooting a team-high 58% from the field.

Basketball fans aren't the only ones

"When I'm not playing," says Paula (right), "it's time to be a lady." That goes double.



who have taken note of the McGees. In the March 1981 issue of *New West* magazine, Pam and Paula were featured in a photo essay celebrating the physical splendor of the female athlete. Helmut Newton, the fashion photographer who shot the essay, was so impressed by the twins that he asked to have his picture taken with them at the end of the session.

When *Jet* magazine put the twins on the May 7, 1981 cover, the McGees received a series of phone calls from somewhat different kinds of admirers. "This guy called me up and introduced himself," says Pam. "Hi, my name is Rod and I'm from the Land of the Angels. I saw y'all in the *Jet*, and I think y'all just some beautiful people." Then I got a call from another guy who asked me to call him back, and when I did, all I got was silence."

From the moment *Real People* began taping a segment on the McGees in the spring of 1981—it hasn't run yet—field producer Danny Gomez knew he had a hit, literally. While shooting in the twins' dorm room, Gomez persuaded them to pull out the two pairs of five-ounce boxing gloves Pam had brought from Flint to use in settling arguments or just working out frustration. "They swung hard and they swung for the face," says Gomez. "Any one of those punches would have put me down."

"Mom said that when we left home there'd be nobody to referee," Pam says. "So I went to the store and picked the gloves up." Says her sister, "Pam fights to kill."

But Gomez, like his executive producer, George Schlatter, the creator of *Laugh-In*, also saw a "show business quality" in the McGees. "They're naturals," Gomez says. "They're tall, beautiful women. And they've got more on the ball than your average college athlete. They've got ambitions that go way beyond college."

Paula, the conservative, old-fashioned, practical half of the pair, is an industrial engineering major. She has a B-minus average and someday would like a job working for a major corporation. She had at one time been considering pursuing a career in computer science until her high school counselor suggested she switch. "I've always been pretty good in math and science," Paula says, "but I had a computer class in high school and didn't like it. Then I read an article on industrial engineering and found out

that it included subjects like psychology. Industrial engineers are called the people engineers."

Pam, more outgoing, emotional and perhaps a touch more glamorous—she seems trendier—than Paula, has temporarily abandoned plans for a career in sports broadcasting for one in business. She also has a B-minus average. "I made the change because I can do more things with economics, like banking, or opening a business," says Pam. "Eventually, I'd like to get into the stock market and be a financial adviser to professional athletes. There aren't too many people that athletes can trust these days, and there aren't that many women in the stock market."

"They always have been self-motivated," says Dianne McGee, the twins' mother, herself 6' 2". "Anytime anything was going on in church, some youth activity, they'd be involved, but I had no idea all of this was going to happen."

One thing Dianne was always sure of was that someday women would be offered athletic scholarships. So when her daughters began to display a special interest in basketball as fourth-graders at Ralph Bunche Elementary School, Dianne put a basket and backboard above the door of the garage behind their Cape Cod-style house. After work on an assembly line at the General Motors plant in Flint, she would take in whatever sport her girls were involved in that day—basketball, volleyball, track and field. "She was right there whenever we did something," says Paula. "Even when it was parent-teacher night, she'd take off work to be there."

Less than enthusiastic about the girls' athletic pursuits was Jimmy McGee, their father, also a worker at the GM plant in Flint before his death in a drowning accident in 1978. "A real male chauvinist all the way," recalls Dianne with a laugh. "When we were little, Daddy used to play ball with us in the backyard," says Pam, "but when we got older and started playing with the boys, he'd say, 'I'm tired of all these boys coming around here. These girls need to stay in



When they disagree, the McGees jab instead of gibe.

and learn how to cook and clean." Sometimes my mom would talk about us getting scholarships, and he'd just say, 'Ain't no girls going to get no basketball scholarship.'"

But by the time the twins graduated with A-minuses averages from Flint Northern High in 1980, they had led the Vikings to a three-year record of 60-2 and two straight Michigan Class A girls' titles. Both were All-Americans as seniors. Also, Paula ran the first leg and Pam the third on the Northern mile-relay team that in 1980 established the state girls' record (3:51.6). When she wasn't sprinting during track and field season, Pam threw the shot, setting a state girls' mark (45½ feet) in her junior year. More than 200 scholarship offers poured into the McGee home. "I wish Daddy could have been around to see us," says Pam.

Had Jimmy McGee not died, his daughters might not have ended up at USC. ALAW rules forbid schools to fly in recruits, but because of the return on Jimmy's life insurance policy, Paula and Pam could afford to pay for a visit to one campus far from home. The twins decided on Southern Cal. "They were looking for a program that was young, up-and-coming, one to which they could contribute right away," says Dianne. "The campus excited them, too."

continued

There are times
when only the best will do.



Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"™

6 Years Old Imported in Bottle from Canada by Hiram Walker Importers, Inc., Detroit, Mich. 50.5 Proof. Blended Canadian Whisky. © 1982

Which excited Linda Sharp, who in 1977, after one season as a part-time Trojan assistant coach, took over a team that gave no scholarships, had never employed a full-time coaching staff and was considered an automatic W by opposing coaches. "We just didn't have any players," says the 31-year-old Sharp. In 1977-78 she guided USC, which had won but five games the previous season, to 11 victories. The Trojans went 19-9 in 1978-79. The next season they were 22-12 and finished second in the AIAW Western Regional.

Despite the growing success of her program, Sharp didn't think the McGees would select USC. (The twins never considered going to separate schools.) Says Sharp, "I was surprised when they committed, because their father had died, they were the two oldest children in their family [they have a 15-year-old sister and a 6-year-old brother], and I didn't think their mom would let them go away from home."

The girls also had North Carolina State, Oregon State and Michigan on their final list of schools: USC won out because both they and their mother were impressed by Sharp's no-nonsense approach to recruiting—"the soft sell," as Sharp calls it—not to mention Southern California's balmy climate. "When we left Michigan it was snowing," says Pam. "When we got to California—swaying palm trees!"

But life in Los Angeles that first year wasn't a breeze for the twins. In particular, they found the city's "me or you" philosophy of life difficult to take. "When we first came out here we trusted everybody," says Paula. "We found out that we couldn't." They also had almost as much trouble finding boutiques and shoe stores that catered to women of their stature in L.A. as they had in Flint. The McGees, for example, wear size 13 shoes. Back home, Marinette Flowers, a seamstress and a member of the Baptist church the McGees attended, had turned yards of material into elegant designs for the girls. Occasionally they had modeled in local fashion shows that Mrs. Flowers organized. Last April the McGees resumed their modeling, appearing in a tall-women's fashion show on *A.M. Los Angeles*, a TV program.

In their freshman year, some observers say, the McGees also had to overcome a reputation for being temperamental sorts who loomed in practice and

could give a coach fits with their moody behavior. Pam, a ferocious rebounder, was relegated to sixth-man duty early last season when it became apparent that at times the twins had eyes only for each other on the court and that she had not yet grasped Sharp's man-to-man defense. Paula had a more varied game than her sister, was a better outside shooter and played under much more control.

"Pam was more inclined to do something silly than Paula," says junior Forward Kathy Doyle. "One time in a game Pam fell down and shot the ball while lying on the floor. Did it go in? Nope. I just think of her sitting there in the key. We looked at the bench and the bench looked at us. Luckily we were far enough ahead so we could laugh about it."

But if the McGees sometimes took the regular-season games lying down, they found the Final Four, in which they encountered the likes of 6'8" Anne Donovan of Old Dominion and 6'3" Janice Lawrence and 6-foot Pam Kelly of Louisiana Tech, a knockout. "Those girls came from nowhere to block Pam's and Paula's shots," says Point Guard Thera Smith. "Pam's eyes were big as saucers. She'd never had her shot blocked from six feet." In the first round, Louisiana Tech beat the Trojans 66-50, and Old Dominion defeated them 68-65 in the playoff for third place. The McGees, who together had averaged 37.2 points and 18.9 rebounds during the regular season, combined for only 26 points and 16 rebounds in those games and fouled out of both. "The nationals made them realize how hard they had to work," says Doyle.

"Last year when one would play well, the other would get into foul trouble," says Sharp. "This season they're terrors." Example: When the Trojans avenged last season's loss to Old Dominion with a 66-60 victory in January, the twins had 21 points and 15 rebounds, and Donovan blocked only one of their shots. The McGees will at times still try to force the ball to each other—in a recent game against Cal State-Fullerton, Pam passed

up an easy layup to attempt a well-intentioned, but horribly timed, blind wrap-around pass so that Paula could score her 1,000th career point—and going into last Monday's game against Arizona State the twins had combined for at least 40 points and 20 rebounds in 13 of USC's games.

The twins would like nothing better than to repay Louisiana Tech for that



UCLA ran into both the McGees: USC won 97-94.

lessen the Lady Techsters gave the Trojans in last year's Final Four. As if the McGees needed any more incentive, last month they got really riled when the AP poll left the Trojans at No. 2 although top-ranked Louisiana Tech had lost that week to Old Dominion. "It was a slap in the face," says Paula, "but we're not going to let it get to us. The only thing that matters is who's on top on March 28."

That's the date of the national finals, when USC may well find that when it comes to the McGee twins, one plus one equals No. 1.

CONTINUED



Intense sibling rivalry usually keeps Mary (left) and Sarah from even standing next to each other at the starting line of a race.

A Pair Of Great Skates

Sarah and Mary Docter, best all-around U.S. speed skaters, are contrary sisters: Mary likes to dance, Sarah has to win **by ANITA VERSCHOTH**

Yes, Eric and Beth Heiden have hung up their skates, but that doesn't leave the U.S. in a bind for speed skaters capable of bringing in the next harvest of medals. In the Midwest, the hotbed of speed skating (if hotbed is the right term), where cities such as Madison, Wis., the Heidens' hometown, are hard by lakes that freeze over on cue at Christmas, it has become a tradition for each successive age group to move up to the world-class ranks and replace yesterday's heroes.

And here comes the latest pair of tough kids out of Madison, sisters named Mary and Sarah Docter. Mary is 21, 5' 6", 130 pounds and a sophomore at the University of Wisconsin; Sarah is 17, 5' 7", 125 pounds and a senior at James Madison Memorial High. Both started skating at an early age on Madison's

Lake Mendota, literally in their backyard, and now they are America's best all-around women speed skaters. (All-around women compete in two sprints, the 500 and 1,000 meters, and in two distance events, the 1,500 and 3,000 meters.) They're also the U.S.'s best hopes, male or female, for becoming prolific winners in international competition—including the '84 Olympics. (Last weekend at the women's world championships in Inzell, West Germany, Sarah finished a disappointing fifth overall, Mary was 12th.)

Mary is technically the better skater; Sarah is more talented and far more competitive. As a consequence, Sarah, though younger, is the No. 1 all-around woman in the country; Mary is No. 2. They finished first and second in the last two women's national team trials. They

both laugh a lot and have absolutely dazzling teeth, but when they get down to racing, they hardly speak to each other.

At last year's worlds in Quebec City, Sarah was the surprise of the two-day meet, winning three bronze medals, for finishing third in the 1,000, and the 3,000 and for placing third overall, behind the Soviet Union's Natalya Petrusova and East Germany's Karin Enke, both Olympic gold medalists in 1980.

Mary started off the 1981 world championships with an atrocious 500 meters, placing 24th in a field of 30, and finished 12th overall. Still, Sarah never spoke a word of comfort—in fact, not a word at all—to her sister during the competition. And when Sarah stood on the podium to receive her bronze for the all-around, Mary watched from the stands, tears running down her cheeks. They were not tears of joy for her sister's triumphs.

"At a competition we totally avoid each other, or we would just snap at each other all the time," says Sarah. "Mary is just another competitor then. That's pretty cold, but I have to look at it that way. I don't want to ride in a car with

her. I don't want to go jogging with her."

"When we get off the ice," says Mary, "it's almost harder to be friends with each other than with other competitors. It's hard for me to congratulate her."

"If I borrow her sharpening stone," says Sarah, "she gets mad."

"If she borrows something and then doesn't put it back, I get mad," snaps Mary.

Because of this rivalry between the siblings, the U.S. team coaches, Bob Corby and Peter Mueller, the Olympic 1,000-meter champion in 1976, usually avoid putting the Docters on the starting line together. But one day last December, in a time trial over 3,000 meters, it happened, almost by oversight. (The 3,000 is the only distance at which Mary can still beat Sarah—sometimes. At the Lake Placid Olympics in 1980, she took a respectable sixth place in the event; Sarah finished 10th.) It was a typically cold and windy morning at the West Allis,

off her top, making Mary wait. Finally lined up, Sarah said, "O.K., Mary, let's take it easy and stay even." Mary nodded. Then they took off at a brutal pace and made it, as Sarah later said, "the toughest race we both had this year." The best U.S. men were clocked at around five minutes flat in their 3,000-meter trials that day; Mary finished in 5:03, Sarah in 5:05. "A little bit of a grudge match there, Mary?" Sarah asked. Mary didn't laugh. She was trying to hold on to the one event in which she can still claim superiority, and remembers painfully the only other time she had been paired with Sarah in a race of any note, the 1,000 meters at their first world championships in 1979 in The Hague. "I didn't like it," Mary recalls. "I bombed out. I shouldn't have let it bother me, but I feel threatened by her."

"I think Mary gets a lot more nervous when we're paired than I do," says Sarah, "because she sees me as her little sis-

tle energy," says Mary. "I like to dance."

"I love winning," Sarah says, "and Mary wants to have a good time. She doesn't have to win to be happy. I have to, to be happy."

To Sarah three things are uppermost: skating, cycling and school. She's one of the best bicycle road racers in the country, spending more than two months each summer competing in about four races a week. "It's the most grueling thing I do," Sarah says. Last summer she won the U.S. trials for the cycling world championships held in Czechoslovakia, but gave up her place on the American team to attend a skating camp in Colorado Springs.

Then there's school. Sarah cannot accept anything but straight A's. At times, she has confided to Mary, she wakes up at night wondering whether she's wasting her time sleeping when she could be up studying.

"There's no one in the family like Sarah," says Betsy Docter, the girls' mother. "She's driven to excel."

Sarah's competitive juices started to flow very early. When the children were young, the Docters lived on the shore of Lake Mendota. Tom Docter, a lawyer who has since also become the owner-manager of a motel, and Betsy had five children in less than six years. It's a close-knit family; whatever one young Docter did, the others also had to do. They all started skating together—Sarah at the tender age of 18 months, Mary at four years. Mary and Sarah showed more promise than the other Docter children, so when they were eight and five, respectively, Tom set up a small oval track on the lake in back of the house for the local speed-skating club. The Heidens' grandparents lived only a couple of houses away, and sometimes Eric and Beth, then 11 and 10, would come over to skate with the Docters.

On weekends there would be pack-style races all over Wisconsin and in neighboring states. Mary and Sarah did well in these mass-start events, which help a skater develop quick feet and sharp elbows. Mary won the midjet-class pack-style nationals at 11; Sarah won the pack-style national titles in three different classes between 9 and 13. "I was good," admits Mary, "but Sarah was outstanding. She broke just about all of my age-group records. Everyone knew Sarah Docter." In 1977 Sarah won all four races—at 500, 1,000, 1,500 and 3,000

continued



Tom and Betsy Docter pose with Sarah and Mary, the most proficient of five skating kids.

Wis. rink, which has the only international-size (400 meter) oval now in operation in the U.S.; the one at Lake Placid isn't being used. The open rink sits beside a freeway, exposed to chilling north winds and dulled by dirt that blows in from Milwaukee.

As they approached the starting line, Mary stepped aside to pull off her sweat shirt, taking her time. Then Sarah took

her. When I got on the line in The Hague, I never thought of her as my sister, just as someone I had to beat."

Obviously, the Docters have very different approaches to skating. Mary has sometimes been known to miss a work-out because of a party; Sarah has been known to miss a banquet after an international competition because she was exhausted from racing. "I always save a lit-

meters—in the U.S. trials for the pack-style indoor world championships in Birmingham, England. Then in Birmingham, against an international field of all ages, she won the 1,500 and 3,000.

In 1973 Sarah and Mary began to train with Dianne Holm, then the U.S. national team coach who won four Olympic medals in 1968 and 1972. The Docter sisters chose her because she also coached the Heiden.

While Mary, like most girls in Madison, had a crush on Eric, Sarah worshipped Beth. "I was her little shadow," says Sarah, "she was my idol. She did all the things I wanted to do." In 1977 the Docters began to go into metric-style racing, the way Olympic events are held. Now Sarah was out to beat Beth, and Beth grew testy. "We had to pretend to be friendly," says Sarah. Sarah was in Beth's shadow until Beth retired after a disappointing 1980 Olympics—she won only a bronze, in the 3,000, while Eric got those five golds.

"Now that Beth is gone," says Sarah, "it is more relaxing to me. It's sort of fun to be top dog. All the young ones look up to me."

"It's really hard to have a sister like Sarah," says Mary, "because she's perfect. She always trains hard. She always does her homework. She never overtests. I don't think I'm jealous, but I'm envious. I could be like her if I really wanted to, but I just don't work at it."

"Sometimes I ask myself, 'Why am I

in this damn sport, why do I put so much time into it if I don't want to win?' Other people tell me, 'If that fire is gone, that fire that makes you go, go, go, you should quit.' I know that fire isn't there, but I'm probably the second-best skater in the U.S. You can't complain about that. And in the back of my mind I still want to get better—not beat Sarah, just get better. There has never been anyone that I really wanted to beat."

Corby claims that Sarah's only shortcoming is that she won't rest. During the skaters' first three months of training each season, in October, November and December, they skate 600 to 700 miles a month, abusing their legs to the degree that tiny muscle tears appear. In January, when the serious racing season starts, skaters should cut down on distance work and do only short sprints, resting a good deal so that their muscles can regain their tone.

But Sarah takes to the ice even on rest days, and once out there she usually skates more laps than anybody else, even the men. When she is off the ice doing her running workouts, she outdoes all the women and most of the men, too. Sarah even beats her latest boyfriend, Werner Jäger, a 22-year-old speed skater from Innsbruck, Austria. Last December when Jäger spent a few weeks in West Allis, he and Sarah frequently went on five-minute runs and Sarah outspurred him every time. "I think he's a chauvinistic type of person," says Sarah. "I am a

better runner, and I outspurt him just to bother him. It really makes him so mad."

Sarah suddenly becomes pensive. "I am so competitive, even when I train," she says, "that I don't want to be in the same sport with someone I love." Does she love Werner? "Oh, no, no," she protests. "I don't love him. I meant Mary."

Less it be thought that Mary has all the fun and Sarah does all the hard work, it should be said that when it comes to having a good time, Sarah runs a close second to her sister. Even when she is tired from racing, a glass of wine can get her to dance up a storm. Still, first prize in the après skate world clearly goes to Mary. The famous Olympic Wet T-Shirt Contest clinched the title for her.

It was not exactly an Olympic event, though it happened in Lake Placid. Mary and some other skaters—Craig Kressler, Jim Chapin and Mike Woods—were enjoying themselves at a disco called GAGS in nearby Saranac Lake. They found out that the special event of the evening was a wet T-shirt contest with a first prize of \$250. The three men urged Mary to enter, but she demurred. Nonetheless, when the contestants were announced, Mary heard her name. Her escorts had signed her up.

"Well, I'd had enough beer to think, hey, this is for \$250, I might as well try," Mary says. "But when I looked at my competition, I wanted to get out. They were all older and, well, gross. We had to put on these tiny white T-shirts, and someone poured two pitchers of ice-cold water over me. I was freezing. Then we had to dance, and those who got the most cheers advanced to the semis and the finals."

Meanwhile, Mary's friends had done some campaigning for her, informing patrons of the bar that they were watching a deserving Olympic speed skater. Mary got the loudest applause in each round.

"Once the competition started," she says, "I really wanted to win, and in the end I did. I got \$250 in cash [which did not endanger her amateur status—except as a wet T-shirt competitor], and I blew it all the next day on a knapsack, a pair of pants and a real nice sweater. It was such fun spending it all."

Her feat might never have become known had it not been for a photographer who happened to drop in at GAGS. That's why when someone asks, "How did you do at the Olympics?" Mary answers, "I made the papers."

END

Mary suits up for her most successful 1980 Olympic event, the wet T-shirt competition.



KOOL LIGHTS

© 1994 B&W T Co.

**There's only
one way to play it.**

There's only one sensation
this refreshing. Low 'tar'
Kool Lights. The taste doesn't miss a beat.
Kings and 100's.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; 100's, 10 mg. "tar",
0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Bobby caught the fast train

by Sam Moses

To win at Daytona, Bobby Allison stayed up front and out of trouble

In last year's Daytona 500, Bobby Allison watched a commanding lead go up in the flames of his empty gas tank. But he had survived 21 years of racing stock cars, and he isn't the kind to give up. On Sunday he came back to Daytona and won. And judging from the way he did it, he should make survivor his middle name. After just 10 of the 500 miles, the rear bumper of his Buick and the front bumper of Cale Yarborough's Buick hooked—a "real hard hit," said Allison—and Bobby's bumper went flying back into the field behind them. It took five cars out of contention. Then, just past the halfway point, shrapnel from the blown engine of a car creeping into Turn One bombarded Allison. He drove into the cloud of white smoke trailing the car, wondering what was in there. It might just as well have been the checkered flag, because most of his hottest competition followed him into the smoke—and came a cropper on the debris.

Finally shades of last year with a mere half mile to go, Allison's engine fluttered in warning that he was out of fuel. But by then he could have coasted home—which he did—into the arms of his cheering crew in pit lane. There the engine died, bone dry. They pushed the car into Victory Circle.

It was a well-deserved win that was testimony to hard work as well as endurance. In 1981 Allison had narrowly lost the NASCAR championship to Darrell Waltrip, so Bobby changed teams this winter—joining the DiGiard team Waltrip had quit in disgust a year earlier. Three weeks before the 500, Allison spent four days testing at Daytona, running nearly 900 miles to sort out the car. It paid off to the tune of some \$370,000, his take last week counting bonuses for which the victory qualified him.

Those tests were crucial, because they taught Allison something vital about the 1982 cars. Drafting close behind the car ahead and then slingshotting past it had

been a tried-and-true strategy at Daytona. But some drivers were saying slingshotting had been made obsolete by the new short-wheelbase racers. "There's something about them," said Allison. "They just get all held back when they're out in the wind by themselves. Last year we didn't notice it because we were so screwed up just trying to keep them from sailing away. But now, if you pull out of your spot to pass and get up alongside someone, man, you just don't go nowhere. And won't nobody let you back in, no hole to go into. It messes you up."

Thus the drivers had to change tactics, and those clichés describing a line of drafting cars—"express train," "steel ribbon," "rolling thunder"—became more descriptive than ever. For most of the 500 the racers lined up single file, including Allison, who led 147 of the 200 laps, and went round and round and round, the car at the end of the file like the tail of a whip at a roller dome, sucked along by the other cars, kept alive by the draft, its driver afraid to let go because he knew that if he did he would never catch up again.

This made the racing more suspenseful, if not more action-packed. And the paradox was that because each pass meant more, the lack of passing was also more meaningful than the rampant dicing of the past. Before, they were playing. This year, they were waiting.

That the new cars weren't as stable as the older, heavier ones compounded the drivers' difficulties. A stock car handles one way when it's

alone on the track, another when it's drafting, another when it's being drafted. The drivers had to fight against spinning out of the line as well as being nudged out.

Intelligence was more important than ever, with the rewards going to the men who knew best how to play the draft. They would take no long-shot gambles, make no wasteful moves. They would be conservatively opportunistic. Survival was the watchword. Given that uncertain handling and those express trains of drafting cars, there was always the possibility of a huge chain-reaction, foggy-freeway type of crash at nearly 200 mph.

Before Sunday there had been a slow several days of racing, as Daytona Speed Weeks go. Benny Parsons won the 500



Allison was the "locomotive" in another Speed Week race too.

pole in a slope-nosed Pontiac LeMans, like the one Allison had put on the pole a year ago. Parsons qualified for the top spot with a record average speed of 196.317 mph. Allison won the Busch Clash, a 50-mile sprint worth \$50,000 to him. Yarborough and Buddy Baker won Thursday's 125-mile qualifying races. Yarborough by employing the "obsolete" slingshot to zip past Allison on the last lap. Baker by staying ahead of what might be called the Waltrip-Dale Earnhardt-Neil Bonnett-Ron Bouchard Bounce. Waltrip had strayed out of the steel ribbon in Turn Three to pass Earnhardt, found he couldn't pull it off and tried to squeeze back into a hole that didn't exist. His right rear tapped Earnhardt's left front, causing Earnhardt to back off, which caused Bonnett, hard on Earnhardt's tail, to hit the brakes. That made him skid down off the banking into innocent bydriver Bouchard, causing him to slide sideways through Turn Four. Bonnett was furious at Waltrip afterward, but Darrell merely shrugged and said, "Them cats forget about all the times when you let them in." Waltrip rarely concedes the last word. He is a contentious man who has earned the nickname Jaws around the circuit.

On the eve of the 500 there appeared to be every possibility of a great race, because the leading cars were so closely matched. When the sun rose over Turn Three, it was actually visible—haze had obscured it all week—although it was cloudy pink because of the smoke from fires set by infield campers.

By race time at midday the sky was clear and the temperature a crisp 60°. And it was a great race. At the start, all that steel-ribbon talk appeared to be so much premature silliness. They went for the lead as if the 500 were a sprint. First Yarborough, then Harry Gant (in a Buick owned by Burt Reynolds and movie director Hal Needham and called The Bandit), and then Earnhardt pulled ahead. Allison made his move on the fourth lap, and then came the incident of the flying bumper. The caution light stayed on until Lap 14, and now the express train was highballing.

Earnhardt was the first of the front-runners to go, on Lap 45. He had run out of gas—but had made it in for refueling—six laps earlier, which caused the engine to run lean and eventually resulted in a burned piston. In the role of "locomotive," Allison was finding the going

confused



Easy listening starts with the exciting taste of Seagram's 7 & 7A. Whether it's country and western, jazz, or disco. Everything sounds better with 7 & 7. A hot of sound advice—moderation.

Easy listening stirs with Seven & Seven



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.
Seven and 7UP are trademarks of the Seven Up Company © 1982



Allison fished for a second 500 victory.

MOTOR SPORTS continued

a little squirrely because of his missing bumper; its absence had changed the car's handling. But he was cutting laps at 194 mph.

In the next 100 miles he gave up the lead only briefly, chased most closely by Bonnett, Baker, Yarborough, Terry LaBonte and Joe Ruttman, the last doing extremely well in his first 500. All were driving Buicks save Bonnett, who had a Thunderbird. On Lap 105, Bobby Wawak, who had been in and out of the pits trying to get his balky engine to run right, lost it completely. Its innards blasted out the exhaust pipes and all over the track amid blinding smoke. He chugged into Turn One about 90 mph slower than the train bearing down on him.

"I couldn't see nothing but smoke," said Allison. "I mean nothing. I couldn't see the race-track, the other cars, the wall, nothing. I knew I was going to have to go in there blind. So I just backed off and squeezed up against the wall and held my breath."

Bonnett, Allison's protégé and

fellow Alabamian, was on Bobby's bumper at the time, and he did what Allison did. Allison had a pro behind him. Bonnett wasn't so lucky. Said Bonnett: "Bobby and I both lifted and threw up our right hands, signaling to the car behind that we were slowing down, and next thing I knew someone hit me from the rear and knocked me into the wall." He stayed pasted to the wall around Turn One, his race over.

The wreckage accumulated; cars were spinning and hitting the wall all over the place. Richard Petty went down exactly as Bonnett had, clipped and bumped into the wall. Parsons and Baker also got caught in the confusion. Bonnett and Petty were taken to the infield clinic for observation, Bonnett on a stretcher, Petty limping. They told each other the same sad story inside and came out grumbling but relatively undamaged. Petty's right foot had been badly sprained by being banged against the brake pedal during the accident.

When the green light came on again on Lap 115, Waltrip came into the picture for the first time. His car had been "loose"—sliding at the rear—for the first half of the race, but Junior Johnson had made adjustments at each pit stop, and Waltrip was snaking up through the accident-shortened train. By Lap 138, Waltrip was on Allison's tail, making moves at him—feints, actually—to let Bobby know he had arrived.

The stage was being set for a standard barnburner of a Daytona finish, and there could be no more competitive drivers than the two who had raced right down to the final event of the '81 season for the championship.

On Lap 145, Allison took the low groove, hanging out there alone, and Waltrip went by, dragging Ruttman, LaBonte and Jim Sauter with him. Allison was in fifth place that quick, but within a few seconds he was back in second. Six laps later Waltrip's engine quit; Daytona had denied him for the ninth time. The fans might have been disappointed at losing the prospect of a furious finishing fight between Waltrip and Allison, but they cheered Jaws' misfortune anyway.

"My hat's off to Bobby today," said Waltrip back in the garage. "He's taking it home. If he doesn't have any trouble, he's home free."

Allison was able to utilize the cloud of smoke from Waltrip's blown engine to lose Ruttman and LaBonte for an instant, enough to break the draft they had been living on for the first time all day. And when Allison got off by himself, he was able to increase his lead by half a second a lap, still turning laps at better than 192 mph and denying all attempts to put a new draft on him. Allison's low line in the turns was evidence of the now superior handling of his car—and his superior skill in setting up a chassis. Around the pits, they figure there's none better at it.

Yarborough, after his last stop for fuel, passed Ruttman and then LaBonte and was lurking a mile behind Allison, hoping that Bobby would either have to pit for more gas or run out of it. He waited in vain, and—even while sputtering—Allison won by 22.87 seconds.

Yarborough had not only gotten past Allison's flying bumper safely but also past another car that had spun right in his face. Yarborough spun his own car, gracefully, in self defense, and still was able to regain the lost ground. And beyond that he had started the 500 with an untested engine, having blown his best one in the final practice on Saturday. Yarborough plainly had been the day's second-best survivor; it was proper that he be the second-best finisher also. **END**

Yarborough, the second-best survivor, finished second.





VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA



How the Vanagon Diesel works:
Accommodating unusual shapes.

Nothing else
is a Volkswagen.

Most things that ought to fit in cars don't lately.

Because just about all cars have gotten smaller lately.

With one big exception: the Volkswagen Vanagon. It now holds nearly a ton in its 200 cubic feet of space.

Now having built over 4 million vehicles of this type, we've also made the Vanagon far more civilized.

The fully independent 4-wheel suspension system lets you carry up to 9 people in solid comfort smoothly over inhospitable terrain.

The interior looks like a private jet. True, it's not as fast. But its fuel-injected engine delivers an EPA-estimated 17 mpg in its gasoline version and an estimated 29 mpg as a Diesel, which makes it the best mileage van in America.*

When you add up what you get into it and what you get out of it, the Vanagon is a most extraordinary machine.

And the biggest thing that fits into it may be a whole new style of life.

*Use "estimated mpg" for comparison. Actual mileage varies with speed, trip length, and weather.

by Mike DelNagro

When you ask General Manager Lou Nanne to nail down exactly what Right Wing Dino Ciccarelli means to the Minnesota North Stars, he doesn't say "plenty of goals," because that's obvious. Nor does he say "putting life into the team," because once you've watched Ciccarelli (pronounced Sis-a-RELL-i) crash into a net or celebrate a routine goal as if he'd just clinched the Stanley Cup, that's pretty obvious, too. Nor does Nanne mention that Dino's his No. 1 gate attraction, although Minnesota so far is drawing nearly 1,000 more spectators a game this season than last and the biggest new addition to the North Stars is Dino. What Nanne says is, "Ciccarelli gives us an identity."

Yes, he does. Minnesota is no longer the No Stars. "Dino came along at a time when fans were getting tired of athletes who act like the world owes them a living, guys who act like their sport is drudgery," says North Star Coach Glen Sonmor. "The sheer love of what he's doing shows all over him. And it's terribly infectious."

Dancing, waving his stick, trying to draw a penalty by crashing to the ice as if shot dead, Ciccarelli is not only the National Hockey League's most exuberant player, but at 22 one of its offensive stars as well. He was called up to Minnesota two-thirds of the way through last season, and by the playoffs he was rolling; he set an NHL rookie record for playoff goals, with 14 in 19 games. At week's end, after 57 games, he had 44 goals for 1981-82, just four shy of the club record and was third behind Wayne Gretzky and Dennis Maruk of Washington in the NHL goal-scoring race.

"Like all big goal scorers, Dino gets himself a lot of shots, puts most of them on the net and has a radar for rebounds," Nanne says. "He holds his space, works himself open and has that classic ability to pop up like a Jack-in-the-box at just the right moment. He's what we always needed—a sniper."

Ciccarelli snipes when it counts. The first goal of a game is considered a big-

gie, and Ciccarelli has scored 11 of them, more than anyone else in the league. What else does he mean to the North Stars? Well, he's scored or assisted on nearly one-third of their 242 goals. Given the Dino dimension from the beginning of the season, Minnesota has its fewest losses ever (18) this deep into the schedule. Moreover, the North Stars have been at the top of the Norris Division since the first week of the season.

At 5'10", 180 pounds, Ciccarelli looks chunky out on the ice, an image enhanced by his hopping, staccato stride. He says that end-to-end he's among the slowest skaters on the team. "But put a loose puck in front of the net," he adds, "and my money's on



A Dino dinosaur sets his fans back an inflated \$8.

No more no-star North Stars

Irrespressible Dino Ciccarelli is lighting up the scoreboard—and Minnesota

me." He cannot explain his goal-scoring talent but gives two clues, one of which is his stick. While the blade of a normal NHL stick has a slight loft, Ciccarelli's looks like a nine-iron. This gives his shots exaggerated lift, which helps him hit high corners even from in close. Second, between shifts he seldom follows the play. He keeps his eyes locked on the goalie. "A lot of the time I'll be in sort of a daze, watching him, thinking how he bothers me so much," he says. "I can't stand missing a scoring chance. It haunts me and makes me stare even harder at the goalie."

Such intensity made Ciccarelli's name long before he arrived in Minnesota. At London in the Ontario Hockey League for juniors, his enemies were legion. One was Jeff Brubaker, a beefy forward now in the Canadians' organization. As a junior at Peterborough, Brubaker was usually assigned to muscle up Ciccarelli.

Once Ciccarelli scored a game-winning goal while Brubaker lay sprawled at his feet. A picture of the scene appeared the next morning in the *London Free Press*. Ciccarelli went to the newspaper, got a glossy print of the photo and mailed it to Brubaker with the inscription: "Cement-head, isn't this your check?" Another time Ciccarelli was in the midst of a shoving match at the blue line with Mark Hunter, then playing for Brantford, now a Canadian. As the scuffle began, the Brantford mascot, Alex the Gator, rushed down to the boards and grabbed at Ciccarelli. Dino hoisted his stick and whacked Alex in the snout.

His toughest battles have been with Al Secord, formerly a junior at Hamilton, now a Chicago Black Hawk. They've been archrivals since 1976. Ciccarelli says Secord has challenged him five different times and beat him up every one of them. "I hate him," Ciccarelli says,

"but whenever he calls again, I'll answer." Last week Second and Ciccarelli found themselves on the same bus headed for Washington's Capital Centre, teammates for the All-Star Game. When Ciccarelli boarded, Second asked him how he was feeling. "Bleep you," Ciccarelli replied. "You don't care."

Perhaps what is most unusual about Ciccarelli is that he's playing hockey at all. On April 18, 1978, Ciccarelli led the OHL in goals, edging out another budding sensation named Wayne Gretzky. Thanks mainly to Ciccarelli, the London Knights were in the playoff semifinals. Ciccarelli was 18 and—like Gretzky—on the verge of signing a big-money pro contract. Dino with the Birmingham Bulls of the World Hockey Association. It didn't happen. At practice that morning, going full tilt in a two-man passing drill, Ciccarelli tripped over a piece of a splintered hockey stick and slammed into the end boards. At first, his teammates howled with laughter as he lay on the ice; a few of them playfully shot pucks at him. Suddenly they realized that Ciccarelli couldn't get up. He had snapped the femur—the heavy thigh-bone—in his right leg. "I still remember those pucks whizzing toward me," he said last week. "That and me thinking, 'God, no! I'm through as a hockey player.'"

To repair the break, doctors cut into Ciccarelli's leg, set the bone and inserted a steel rod 16 inches long. The rod stayed in place for 25 months. But by September Ciccarelli was off crutches and undergoing therapy to regain movement in the leg. "The pain was unbearable but not seeing any progress was worse," he says. Doctors measured improvement by each new quarter-inch of flex in the knee.

In October he rejoined the Knights and practiced with his leg so heavily taped it lost circulation. "I thought I could still skate if I could skate at all," he says. "But I couldn't. I could barely stand up. I was a nobody. It was the beginning of Dino Who?"

Ciccarelli's lowest moment came in January of 1979. By then he was skating well enough to fill in at spot duty and felt ready to take his regular shift. Coach Bill Long thought otherwise. One night a bench-clearing brawl broke out. All but seven Knights were ejected from the game, and Ciccarelli figured, "I've got to play now." Long needed one of the seven



Chasing the puck with characteristic zeal, Ciccarelli hurtles past the Boston goal.

players to serve a bench penalty; he sent Ciccarelli.

"He was crying as he skated toward the penalty box," says Roy Chaffey, in whose house Ciccarelli was a boarder. "The next morning we had a long talk. I told him to stop thinking he had a guaranteed spot on the team. I used to work as a security guard at the Montreal Forum and so I knew many of the Canadians. Serge Savard had broken his leg twice, and twice had to fight to get back his job. I told Dino that if Savard had no guarantees, Ciccarelli didn't either."

"After that," Ciccarelli says, "I began extra work—riding the bicycle twice as long as I was supposed to, lifting extra weights until the pain made me scream." He returned to the Knights lineup, played in 30 games and scored eight goals. But word had spread among NHL scouts: The kid can't make it back.

When the NHL draft came that June, Dino sat by the phone. It didn't ring. "When the draft was over," Ciccarelli says, "I went upstairs, saw my dad and started to cry."

Meanwhile, Nanne was crying over his team's inability to score goals. He recalled how Ciccarelli had played before his injury. Nanne phoned Ciccarelli's doctors. In their opinion, the right leg was stronger than the left, and that once the rod was removed, Ciccarelli's mobility ought to return. That was enough for Nanne. He signed Ciccarelli to a three-year contract. "The best move I've ever made as a general manager," he says.

Up with the North Stars last February, Dino was an overnight sensation. On Feb. 15 he scored two goals against Vancouver, one while sliding across the crease on his belly. He also made his NHL boxing debut in a brawl that night, and the North Star fans began a new chant: "Dee-no! Dee-no! Dee-no!" Soon, the Met Center souvenir shops had Dino buttons and T shirts. They also had 400 toy balloon dinosaurs, which they touched up to read *DINO THE DINOSAUR*, and sold out at \$8 a pop.

Indeed, Ciccarelli is a bit dinosaurian in the mental processes department. "It's a thinking game, and Dino doesn't always think," says Nanne. "He forgets to get position on defense and doesn't remember to stay active when the puck isn't in a goal-chance position. But he's only 22. The thinking will come."

Meanwhile, in payment for his enthusiasm, Ciccarelli probably gets knocked down more than any other big scorer. "He's one of those little guys who makes you mad," says Philadelphia Flyers Coach Pat Quinn. "Just looking at him, you want to grind him."

So far, though, grind jobs haven't had even a slight effect on the man who was a washed-up 18-year-old. "Nothing's scary like it is when you think all your dreams are over," Ciccarelli says. "The scouts used to ask me about my leg, and it was sickening the way they'd shake their heads. Now they shake their heads when they see the game summaries, but it's a different kind of shake." **END**

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

by Jack McCallum

There's something familiar about these Memphis State Tigers. Look, there on the sideline is Larry Finch, the guard who led MSU into the NCAA finals against UCLA in 1973. Still smiling, still pudgy, Finch is now the Tigers' assistant coach, a Mr. Butterworth of the clipboard set.

And look, out on the floor is a younger version of Larry Kenon, Finch's former teammate, who now plays for the Chicago Bulls. Graceful and rail-thin like his predecessor, the kid can shoot and play in transition, Kenon's strengths, but he's probably a better rebounder and shot blocker.

The kid is 6' 10" Keith Lee, merely a freshman, merely sensational, merely the player who has returned the Tigers to national prominence. He's second in the

Metro Conference in scoring with an 18.7 average, first in rebounding with 11.7 per game and first in blocked shots with 7.1. He even ranks in the Top 10 in free-throw shooting (77.8%). Raise your hand if you heard of him as a high school player. "I guess I've surprised quite a few people so far," says Lee.

Keith is the only freshman in the country with double-figure averages in scoring and rebounding. Coming into this season, though, he was relatively unknown compared with, say, Georgetown's Pat Ewing or North Carolina's Michael Jordan.

Lee heads one of the strongest classes to play college basketball since the doors were opened to freshmen in 1972-73. Shot-blocking by the 7-foot Ewing (91 in 25 games). Scoring by La Salle Guard Steve Black (19.5 points per game). Passing by Alabama's Ennis Whatley (126 assists in 21 games). Sonar outside shoot-

ing by St. John's southpaw Chris Mullin (16.8 per game, 56.5% from the floor). Sonar inside shooting by Alabama's Bobby Lee Hurt (62.9%). All-around play by Jordan (14.3 points per game, 50.4% from the floor, 4.8 rebounds) and Villanova's Ed Pinckney (13.2 points, 7.0 rebounds, 62.1% shooting). And any mention of freshmen big men must include 6' 11" Michael Payne, whose solid play at center has helped put Iowa at the top of the Big Ten. At George Washington, Mike Brown's 16.3 scoring average and 8.8 rebounds per game have transformed George Washington from a team that slept everywhere (8-19 last season) to one with a wide-awake 12-11 record.

But no other neophyte has lifted his club the way Lee has. After three consecutive losing seasons, Memphis State was 17-3 at week's end and ranked No. 11 in the SI poll. A 62-60 defeat of Florida State Saturday night in Tallahassee made the Tigers 7-1 in the conference. They have lost only to Tulane (58-54), on the road, and appear to be on their way to their first regular-season Metro title. And this year's conference tournament, whose winner advances to the NCAA tournament, will be played at the Mid-South Coliseum in Memphis, where the Tigers have won 14 straight this season.

No one expected such prowess from Memphis State, which had only two starters back from a team that last season finished 13-14 overall and 5-7 in the league. The Tigers were picked to be fourth or fifth in the conference in preseason polls. Says third-year Head Coach Dana Kirk, "I guess, looking at everything, that's just about where we belonged."

A major reason for Lee's, and thus Memphis State's, success is the current good health of 6' 9" Center Derrick Phillips. He has recovered from an injury (stress fracture of the tarsal navicular, read The Bill Walton Injury) that kept him sidelined for two seasons. He had a bone graft operation, and four pin-sized electrodes were implanted in his foot to stimulate bone growth. That plus plenty of exercise, not to mention heart, have returned him to the lineup. "I think Der-

continued

A kid pumps up the Tigers

Sensational freshman Keith Lee has Memphis State soaring once again





Smile when you say Dan Post.®

*Uncompromising boots handcrafted from fine leathers
and exotic skins. For the store nearest you, write Dan Post Boots,
P.O. Box 749, Clarksville, Tenn. 37040. Or call toll-free: 800-251-1382*

(Except in Texas)



rick's been blessed," is the way senior Point Guard Otis Jackson puts it. And so has Memphis State. Phillips employs his 230 pounds in the pivot, where he's averaging 10.6 points and 5.5 rebounds, freeing Lee to play forward and protect his skinny body.

Lee's inside-outside versatility puts him at the very top of the freshman class. Before Brown University met Memphis State at the Coliseum early in the season, Bruins Coach Mike Cingiser watched Lee warming up. "Sometimes you see a guy six-10 shooting jump shots and you think to yourself, 'The jerk shouldn't be out there,'" said Cingiser. "But there he was, 20 feet from the basket, making jump shot after jump shot. When it kept going through the net, we knew we had a problem." They did. Lee had 28 points, 15 rebounds, a school-record nine blocked shots and six assists in a 106-96 MSU victory.

Lee may turn out to be a passing forward in the Larry Bird mold, a consequence of both his natural skills and his work at the high post. His usefulness has resulted in 55 assists in 20 games, the highest per-game average of any Metro big man. "He has complete alertness, and I think that's what I like about him best," says Kirk. "He sees a man in the fourth row in the stands taking off his topcoat."

As with most freshmen, Lee's weakness is defense. Playing primarily against the opposition's center, Lee has fouled out of two games and has been in foul trouble in several others. Kirk feels some referees haven't adjusted to Lee's considerable shot-blocking talents—he's been called The Air Traffic Controller—and are too often unjustifiably whistling him for a foul. But some of his defensive shortcomings may ease when he's able to muscle up on his opponents. By working out on Nautilus equipment, he has already added 15 pounds since arriving on campus but he's got a long way to go. He weighs 196 pounds fully dressed, and that's skinny.

By the time Lee's through in Memphis, though, those pipestem calves may rank right up with Elvis Presley's pelvis as a local treasure. They're selling KEITH LEE FOR MAYOR T-shirts down at the Talkin' Tops shop in the Mall of Memphis. And a junior high coach is calling his team's center "Keith," which isn't unusual except that the player's real name is Myra Saulsberry.

KEITH LEE FOR DOGCATCHER shirts

would've been more popular a year ago, when Lee was a senior at West Memphis (Ark.) High School, bound, apparently, for Arkansas State, to which he pledged his heart and jump shot as early as October 1980. At 8 o'clock on the morning of national signing day, April 8, 1981, Lee said he was still committed to Arkansas State, and the media that cover the team were alerted to make the one-hour drive to West Memphis for a noon press conference. Lee never showed up. He'd been scared away by reports that Arkansas State would be put on probation for recruiting violations. The school that blew the whistle on Arkansas State turned out to be the University of Arkansas, whose athletic director, Frank Broyles, had urged the NCAA to investigate the Indians. Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton even wrote a letter to Lee warning him that State could be put on probation. If the Razorbacks weren't going to get the best player to come out of the state since Sidney Moncrief, they were damned if little brother was.

On April 27, Lee signed with Memphis State. (It isn't true that Broyles was given Memphis' key to the city.) And, sure enough, in October Arkansas State was put on a two-year probation.

No one at Memphis State wants to talk about how close it came to losing Lee, and Lee doesn't, either. He's enjoying his starring role in the MSU turn-around and, although he's reticent around strangers, he's popular with his teammates and coaches. He calls Finch and Lee Fowler, another assistant coach, who is white, Teaspeed and Brown Shoe, after the black and white protagonists of a former TV sitcom.

"I just knew I wanted to stay close to home, and the people who've been watching me," says Lee. "And I wanted to be near my little girl." (His daughter, Lanesha, is six months old; her mother is a student at West Memphis High.)

Kirk's challenge now is to keep Lee out of the pros. Louisville Coach Denny Crum, after watching Lee rack up 30 points, 13 rebounds and four blocked shots against his team, suggested that the pro scouts should certainly be looking at Lee, as if they aren't already.

Kirk and Lee say it won't happen. Kirk: "We both think talk of hardship is ridiculous." Lee: "I believe I'll be here four years. I like Memphis. I like where I'm staying, the way I've been playing, the way everything's been working out."

THE WEEK

(Feb. 8-14)

by ROGER JACKSON

EAST While Virginia was finding out how nerve-rattling life at the top of the college basketball charts can be (page 14), third-ranked North Carolina was having a similarly tough time with gritty Maryland. It took a pair of Mont Doherty free throws with three seconds left to ensure Carolina's 59-56 victory in Chapel Hill. When North Carolina jumped out to an early 6-0 lead, Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell shifted his troops into a three-man zone with a man-to-man alignment on James Worthy and Sam Perkins and the Heels were at a ball game.

Playing without Center Charles Pittman, probably out for the season with a fractured fifth metatarsal bone in his left foot, the Terps bottled up Worthy and Perkins and led, 48-45, with 6:00 left. Trouble was, "they just left Matt, Mike [Jordan] and Jimmy [Black] open," according to Worthy, "and that's fine with us." Doherty got 18 points to lead Carolina, Jordan added 12, and Black stole the ball and went in for an uncontested layup with 4:58 left, which gave the Tar Heels the lead for good. On Sunday, Carolina beat Georgia 66-57, giving Coach Dean Smith his 20th victory for the 12th consecutive year, an NCAA record at one school.

After defeating Clemson 94-76, Wake Forest Coach Carl Taylor said, "This type of game was a welcome relief from what we've had recently, for us and for the fans." An 86-71 victory over Duke, however, was a bit more taxing. Fifty-two fouls were called, resulting in 67 free throws. The Deacons hit 30 of 35 from the line, while the Blue Devils converted 21 of 32.

West Virginia clinched the Eastern 8 title and extended the nation's longest winning streak to 20 by whipping Duquesne 90-75 and St. Bonaventure 49-43. The Dukes out-rebounded the Mountaineers 47-27, but West Virginia forced 27 turnovers. Junior Forward Russel Todd scored on a three-point play with 24 seconds left and Greg Jones added two free throws 10 seconds later to clinch the victory for the Mounties.

In crushing Big East Conference rival Syracuse 96-79 and outmanned Southern University of Baton Rouge 84-48 in Washington, Georgetown showed signs of beginning one of its second-half rushes. Freshman Pat Ewing had his finest game yet against Syracuse: 22 points, 13 rebounds, five blocks and constant intimidation. Senior Eric (Sleepy) Floyd took scoring honors with 27, while sophomore Point Guard Gene Smith had 10 points, five steals and two assists to key a 12-minute 37-12 run that gave the Hoyas a 71-51 lead with 13:16 remaining.

continued

Alive with pleasure!
Newport



*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure, why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1987 Philip Morris Inc. All rights reserved. FTC Report May 1987

AMERICA'S TRUCK. BUILT FORD TOUGH.



LION IN WINTER.

Bronco roars to the top nonstop. Its husky 4.9L (300) Six chums out more torque than any competitive Six. It also turns out excellent gas mileage ratings: 24 est. highway, 17 EPA est. mpg.*

Inside it's a real family 4-wheeler. There's room for six with front and rear bench seat options (front buckets are standard). But Bronco's trim outer size makes it easy to maneuver, fun to drive wherever you drive.

Underneath you'll find the only independent front suspension in an American-built sport utility. It's smooth and tough.

Mileage-boosting 4-speed overdrive, another Ford first, is

optional. So are automatic locking hubs. They run free on the highway, lock in automatically when you shift to 4WD.

No other 4-wheeler offers all this. So why settle for less than Bronco—it's one beautiful beast!

* 4.9L Six and optional overdrive. Use for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage lower. California ratings less, V-8 required.

FORD BRONCO

FORD DIVISION



MIDEAST Bernard Randolph tallied the bucket that gave DePaul a 59-58 victory over Evansville in the Horizon, but the hoop was long forgotten even before the game was over. "I didn't even realize it until you told me," Randolph said later. Little wonder: Dolphin's 20-footer came with 5:52 to play—for the last points either team would score. Two nights later, not even Terry Cummings' 33-point, 18-rebound performance in a 98-80 win over Loyola soothed DePaul Coach Ray Meyer. Irid at the three Big Ten officials who called 47 personal fouls and 20 walking violations.

"It was like Disneyland out there," said Meyer, who picked up what he believed was the third technical foul of his coaching career. "If they got paid by the whistle, maybe they earned it."

After Iowa trounced Northwestern 62-49 in Iowa City, Hawkeye Forward Mark Gannon wanted to dispel the rumor that Iowa was afraid to play Indiana in Bloomington. "Hell," he said, "they should be afraid of us. We've beaten them three straight and we're leading the league." Obviously, Indiana wasn't scared of anyone. Thanks to Ted Kitchel's 33 points, including his team's first 13 of the second half, the Hoosiers whipped the Hawks 73-58.

Kitchel's performance followed a 34-point night in a 73-60 victory over Illinois. In three of the four games Kitchel has started against the Illini, he scored 40, 34 and 22 points.

Free throws kept Minnesota in second place in the conference. The Gophers needed a pair of foul shots with one second remaining to pull out a 53-52 victory at Purdue, and sank nine of 10 in the final 1:45 to hold off Wisconsin 71-60, after the Badgers had closed to within three with 2:38 to go.

Kentucky dealt Alabama its third straight Southeastern Conference defeat, 72-62, and moved into a tie for second in the conference with LSU, a game behind Tennessee. Earlier, the Tigers had defeated Alabama 73-68 in Baton Rouge, while Kentucky avenged an earlier loss to Mississippi, beating the Rebels 56-49 in Lexington. It was the 1,300th victory for Kentucky, winningest school in the land. Star Wildcat Center Sam Bowie, recuperating from a leg injury, officially announced he will sit out this season as a red shirt.

MIDWEST "I'd rather be lucky than good anytime," Missouri Coach Norm Stewart said as he bid Kansas' Allen Field House adieu for another year. Actually, in Missouri's 42-41 victory over the Jayhawks and an 89-82 win at Oklahoma State, good fortune and proficiency were both involved. In one stretch, Missouri failed to score for 8:39 against the Jayhawks, but its swarming defense held Kansas to just three points in that span, and it prevented a final shot in the closing seconds.

SI TOP 20

1. VIRGINIA (24-1)	1 *
2. DePAUL (22-1)	2
3. N. CAROLINA (20-2)	3
4. MISSOURI (21-1)	4
5. TULSA (18-3)	6
6. IOWA (18-3)	5
7. OREGON STATE (18-3)	7
8. MINNESOTA (17-4)	8
9. KENTUCKY (17-5)	11
10. IDAHO (21-2)	12
11. MEMPHIS STATE (17-3)	14
12. FRESNO STATE (20-2)	16
13. WEST VIRGINIA (21-1)	17
14. GEORGETOWN (20-5)	18
15. SAN FRAN (21-4)	15
16. WAKE FOREST (17-5)	20
17. UCLA (16-5)	—
18. ARKANSAS (17-5)	9
19. KANSAS STATE (17-5)	13
20. ALABAMA (17-5)	10

* Last week

Tiger Forward Ricky Frazier made all eight of his field-goal attempts and scored 10 of the Tigers' 12—yes, 12—second-half points. The Jayhawks scored a mere 13. Frazier finished with 20 and got 18 in the Tigers' defeat of Oklahoma State in Stillwater.

When was the last time a team went an entire game without attempting a single free throw? It happened in Kansas State's 68-58 defeat at Oklahoma. Although K-State had the edge in field goals (29-27), the Sooners sank 14 of 20 from the line. Chuck Burnett and David Little, the Big Eight's top two scorers, scored 20 points apiece for Oklahoma. Kansas State rebounded to beat Iowa State at Ames 58-49. Oh yes, K-State was 14 of 19 from the line.

In celebration of a recent win over Wichita State, Tulsa Coach Nolan Richardson showed up for the game with Illinois State in black tie and tails. But after Tulsa went into the locker room tied with the Redbirds 28-28, off came the tails and back on went the familiar sport jacket and polka-dot shirt. Tulsa eventually subdued the Redbirds 78-67 in overtime, then beat Creighton 70-63.

After topping TCU 79-69 in Fayetteville, Arkansas dropped a pair of Southwest Conference road games. Houston beat the Hogs 55-53 as Rob Williams and Clyde Drexler scored 14 points apiece and Jellybean Cagnew had 13; Baylor topped them 55-55 in overtime as the Bears' Terry Teagle got 36 all by himself.

Metro Conference leader Memphis State got 24 points and 18 rebounds from Keith Lee (page 48) in a 75-64 non-conference win over Ball State, and held on to beat Florida State 62-60.

WEST Oregon State moved into first place in the Pacific-10 with a smashing 94-51 home-court win over Oregon, the most lopsided margin in the history of the 268-game series. Les Conner and Danny Evans scored 18 points each for the Beavers, and Conner had six steals, giving him 67 for the season, one more than the team record set by Ray Blume two years ago. "It's tough to play us after we mess up," said Oregon State Coach Ralph Miller, whose Beavers had struggled against California five days before. Conner had 20 points, including two free throws with seven seconds left, and six assists as the Beavers beat the Bears 57-50.

Second-place Washington wasn't as fortunate on its trip to Bear country. Cal shocked the Huskies 54-50, as 5' 9" Guard Mike Chavez scored 20 points and the Bears held Washington without a field goal for the last 3:30. Although the Huskies came back the next night to nip Stanford 53-52, Coach Marv Harshman said, "That loss [to Cal] may have effectively taken us out of the Pac-10 race. We still have to play UCLA there [not to mention Oregon State in Seattle on Feb. 18] and UCLA is playing the best ball in the conference right now." Indeed, the Bruins stretched their winning streak to 11 with an 88-73 win at Arizona and a 72-60 win at Arizona State.

Idaho continued to roll in the Big Sky Conference. The Vandals beat Weber State 71-62, as Guard Ken Owens got 25 points and two assists. It was the first Idaho victory over the Wildcats in Ogden since the conference

PLAYER OF THE WEEK


TED KITCHEL: Indiana's 6' 8" junior forward scored 67 points—making 27 of 39 shots from the floor and 13 of 16 free throws—and had 15 rebounds in the Hoosiers' Big Ten win over Illinois and Iowa.

ence was formed in 1964. Owens then added 17 and Phil Hopsen and Kelvin Smith combined for 29 as the visiting Vandals clobbered Idaho State 77-50.

When Fresno State beat UC Irvine 71-58 it only looked like a typographical error. The Bulldogs, who normally average a mere 58 points per game, shocked the Anteaters with a blistering fast break and 62.5% shooting from the floor. Fresno's Rod Higgins scored 21 points, the 50th straight time he has attained double figures. An earlier 54-45 victory by Fresno over Long Beach State was more typical.

San Francisco was still struggling in the WCAC. USF needed eight foul shots, including four by Eric Slaymaker in the second overtime, to beat San Diego 75-69, and a pair of free throws from Slaymaker and a slam dunk by 7-foot Center Wallace Bryant in the final minute to edge St. Mary's 85-84. **END**





He may not have been the model of a major league umpire, but in 17 tumultuous years Ron Luciano had more fun, and "shot" more players than anyone in blue

Bang! You're Out

By Ron Luciano and David Fisher



Bang! Bang!

continued

number of times in the next few years, but all I could honestly tell them was that I kept falling off horses.

My uncle, Nick DiNunzio, had gone through Syracuse University on a football scholarship and was assistant coach of the Endicott High School football team. Being bigger and taller than most of the other kids, I was a decent basketball player and a very good football player. There was never any question in my mind where I wanted to go to college. Uncle Nick had been a quarterback at Syracuse; I wanted to go to Syracuse. The day Coach Ben Schwartzwalder offered me a scholarship was one of the happiest days of my life. (I was two years behind Jimmy Brown and three years ahead of Ernie Davis, so you can say it was Brown, Luciano and Davis at Syracuse, but you have to say it fast.)

The Colts drafted me in 1959, then traded me to the Lions before the season started, but injuries kept me on the bench. Detroit sent me to Minnesota, and in 1962, I finally ended my playing career with the Buffalo Bills in the AFL.

An injury that keeps you out of football for one year is an accident. An injury that keeps you out a second season is a shame. An injury that keeps you out the third year is a message. It was a difficult time. Not only did I have to deal with the end of my dream, I had to find a means of making a living. In 1963 I called Spike Briggs, who owned the Tigers and had a part of the Lions, and asked him for a job on the Lions' coaching staff. He promised to try to find something for me.

Briggs called back in the fall of the year and said, "How'd you like to be general manager of the Tigers' minor league team in Lakeland, Florida?"

"Great," I said. "Sounds terrific. What do I do?"

A few days after I arrived in Florida, I learned baseball school was about to start in Daytona Beach. Hey, I thought, this is perfect. I'll take a general manager's course and when the season starts I'll be ready. I soon found the baseball school was the Al Somers Umpire School, which had nothing to do with general managers.

Right from the beginning I loved umpiring. We were out in the sun all day and got to yell as loud as we wanted, and the instructors kept telling us that we were virtually dictators on the field, that whatever we said was the rule, that the players and managers had to listen to us and respect our decisions. That sounded pretty good to me.

The course lasted six weeks, and at the end of the fourth week I knew I'd found a profession. So I called Briggs and told him to find another general manager for Lakeland. "Good," he said. "You probably would have done a rotten job anyway. But what are you going to do?"

I told him I was going to be an umpire.

A manager named Pinky May has the distinction of being the first man I ever threw out of a game. While umpiring spring-training intrasquad games for the Tigers in 1964 I'd gotten used to major league pitchers being around the plate

I was born in Binghamton, N.Y. in 1937. My father and his two brothers had emigrated to America from the tiny Italian village of San Giovanni about 20 years earlier. They split up when they got here and bought train tickets to wherever their money would take them, because they couldn't believe that any one town would be large enough to have three jobs available. My father's ticket took him to the small town of Endicott, 10 miles from Binghamton in upstate New York. His brothers ended up in Pennsylvania.

I had a normal childhood, except perhaps for having a ringside seat at the largest gangland bust in history. When your name is Luciano, and you're living in a community of 15,000 Italians, there's no such thing as a gangster. The Mafia was considered a local fraternal organization. There were perhaps 50 families in Endicott thought to be "connected," and they were among the most respected people in town.

Two of my closest friends were Joe and Pete Barbara. Their father, Big Joe, owned the local soft-drink bottling plant and was one of the wealthiest men in town. They lived in a big, lovely house, with stables and a pool, in the nearby village of Apalachin, and most weekends I would go up there to get thrown off horses with them.

But one Friday night in 1957 Joe called me and told me not to come up that weekend because his father was having company. When I opened the newspaper Sunday morning, I learned that his company had included just about every crime boss in the country. Later I found out that the Barbaras' telephones had been tapped and all of my conversations with Joe and Pete had been recorded. The FBI knew which girl in my class I had a crush on. They interviewed me a

In Triple-A, I stopped trying to play King Kong and turned my attention to managing.



with their pitches. They made it easy. But in the Class A Florida State League the pitchers lacked that pinpoint control. One afternoon I was having a particularly bad game. It involved the Tampa Tarpons and the Lakeland Tigers. One pitch would be too high, the next would be too low, and I'd call them both balls. But the third one would be right down the heart of the plate and I'd call that a ball, too. In the third or fourth inning I called a batter out on a pitch that bounced on the plate, and May, the manager of the Tarpons, started cursing at me. I got terribly upset. He didn't even know me and he was swearing at me. I didn't need him to embarrass me in front of the fans. I was doing a pretty good job of it myself. So I threw him out of the game.

Just that simply, the problem was resolved. He continued screaming at me for a few more minutes, but suddenly he was gone and it was quiet and peaceful and beautiful on the field once again. I immediately realized I was on to something good.

Too good. The next year I umpired in the Class AA Eastern League, and in 140 games I had 26 ejections, far too many. My problem was that I had gotten pretty good on technique, but I hadn't learned anything about politics. I was trying to run the game with the charm of a South American dictator. It took me a long time to realize that umpiring is best described as the profession of standing between two 7-year-olds with one ice-cream cone. No matter how good an umpire you are, your entire career is going to be spent making 50% of all the players and managers unhappy. Every call is going to anger half the people. The key to getting away with it is learning how to deal with other people's anger and frustration, and all I knew was how to give them the thumb.

In 1966 my contract was purchased by the Triple-A International League. Triple-A is one step below the major leagues and an entire staircase above the rest of the minor leagues. In Triple-A everything was better. Even I was better. Once I stopped trying to be King Kong on the field, I was free to start managing and coaching. I was finally learning how the game of baseball should be played, and once I figured it out I wanted to share my knowledge with everyone. I started talking to the players between innings and during time-outs, then began

talking to them in the field between pitches, and finally just started talking to them whenever I had something important to say, which turned out to be all the time. It might have been the bottom of the ninth with the winning run on second and a full count on the batter. He'd be digging his spikes into the dirt, the



There was no doubt when I called someone out

pitcher would be glaring in, no one in the stands would be breathing, and I'd ask the batter what he thought of a recently opened restaurant. Instead of driving myself crazy, I was doing it to other people. It was good to be in the driver's seat.

I was also feeling relaxed enough to allow my enthusiasm to show on the field. Off the field I'm actually a very shy person, but once I stepped between the foul lines all my inhibitions disappeared. I started screaming my calls and leaping in the air, making an attraction out of myself. The fans loved it. Naturally the league officials hated it. I'd constantly be

getting small reminders from the league office that the fans hadn't paid their way into the ball park to see Ron Luciano umpire.

The way the fans responded to me made that difficult for me to believe. I had begun to develop a real rapport with them. Not satisfied simply to be disturbing the players, between innings I'd wander over to the stands and ask the fans what they thought of a call I'd made or their opinion of a certain player. They'd yell at me, I was still an umpire, true, but it was all in fun. It gave them a special contact with the field and made it difficult for them to get on me later in the game. Suddenly I was their official representative. I was doing exactly what they would do if they had the opportunity. Quite often someone would buy me a hot dog or a soda, and I'd forget I was working and end up having to run back to my position with half a frank in my mouth and soda splashing all over me.

When I reached the majors in 1969 everything was going so well I began to get cocky. I started shouting my calls with the same exuberance I'd shown in the minors. I didn't just call a runner out, I called him outoutoutoutoutoutout, maybe 15 times. I leaped in the air to call him out. I mean, he knew he was out.

I couldn't help myself. I was finally in the major leagues, and I let my enthusiasm show. I needed to talk to the players, the coaches, the managers, the groundkeepers, ball boys, anybody who would listen to me. It would have been impossible for me to stand out there for nine innings having nobody to talk to. It didn't matter if they answered or not.

The players and managers had never seen, or heard, an umpire like me. It was as if everyone were surprised that an umpire was bright enough to watch the game and talk at the same time. Later I proved that an umpire could watch, talk and enjoy a soft drink or throw paper airplanes all at the same time. But because I didn't act like other umpires, many people didn't know how to deal with me. Some of them enjoyed the way I worked; others despised it. Some of the players wouldn't talk to me; the managers had no choice.

When Rick Barlowson was with the Red Sox he would get livid if I bothered him, so naturally I kept after him. Once, when he came to bat, he told me that if I said one more word, he didn't care how

Excerpted from the Bantam book "The Umpire Strikes Back," by Ron Luciano and David Fisher, to be published in hardcover in April

WITH ART BY ROY MEKE AND DAVID FISHER BY PERMISSION OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

continued

Bang! Bang!

continued

much bigger I was, he was going to pound me into the ground. Of course, I wanted to talk about that.

On the other hand, my questions never bothered Rodney Carew. Carew is the finest pure hitter I've ever seen, and he doesn't allow anything to break his concentration. One night in Minnesota, just as the pitcher began his windup, I asked Rod how they'd been pitching him lately. As he began striding into the pitch, he said, "Curveballs on the outside." The pitch began breaking and he started his swing. "I'm going to left with it." Which he did.

Most players were like Carl Yastrzemski; when they were going good they didn't mind my chatter, or at least ignored it, but when they were going bad they didn't want me fooling around with them. I remember Yaz coming to bat in a game situation in Boston in 1976. There were 33,536 Fenway Park fans screaming at him, but he didn't hear them. Before I could say a word, he looked right at me and said, "Listen, Ronnie, my kid is hitting .300, my wife is fine, I haven't heard any new jokes, I don't want to know about Polish restaurants, I'm nothing for 15 and I want you to keep your mouth shut."

What could I say?

On the second pitch he hit a home run. As he crossed home plate he looked right at me and nodded. "O.K.," he said, "you can talk to me now."

My talking drove managers crazy, and they couldn't even hear me. But they were convinced I was bothering their players. The only one who ever did anything about it was Cleveland's Frank Robinson.

I always liked working Indian games, because they were usually out of the pennant race by the end of April and there was never too much pressure on the umpires. Although Robinson and I had never gotten along very well, I liked a lot of his players. But in 1975 he imposed a \$200 fine for any player who talked to me.

If I had kept quiet and concentrated on my job, I would have been a better umpire, but I wouldn't have enjoyed myself as much. When I came up I knew the rules of the game, but I really didn't know baseball. I didn't understand the subtle

movements of the game, the strategy that goes into every pitch—and who better to learn it from than the players?

The only time I ever regretted my behavior was when it interfered with my job and when it got other people in trouble. First Baseman Jim Spencer was with the Rangers in 1974 when he successfully pulled off the hidden-ball trick. The runner wandered off base while Spencer was holding the ball, and Jim tagged him. It's a tough play to pull off, and a fielder has to be lucky to manage it even once a season. Unfortunately I was in the middle of an important conversation with the first-base coach at the time and missed it completely. So I ended up getting the coach in trouble with his manager and Spencer infuriated. "Jeez," I told Jim later, "next time you're going to do that you've got to warn me."

Once I spent an entire ball game in the outfield trying to talk Detroit Centerfielder Mickey Stanley out of retiring. Mickey was an absolute sweetheart. If the bases were loaded and I struck him out on a pitch that bounced in front of the plate, he'd just turn around and go back to the dugout. Umpires simply can't afford to let players like that get out of the game. So I decided to talk him into playing another year.

The place, the place. Whoops! The call, the call



I was working second, and Richie Garcia was umpiring at third. At the beginning of the game I told Richie what I had in mind and he agreed to cover for me. Nothing of any consequence happened during the game, but I was unable to talk Mickey out of retiring.

The telephone was ringing in the locker room when I walked in after the game. Dick Butler, American League supervisor of umpires, had heard from Detroit General Manager Jim Campbell that I had umpired the entire game from center field. He wanted to know what I was doing there.

It was a fair question, requiring a good lie. "I'm testing a new theory," I explained. "You know, one of the toughest plays for an umpire is the trap play in the outfield. Sometimes you just can't tell if the fielder caught the ball on the fly or short-hopped it. I figure that with nobody on base one ump can get out there." As I began telling this to Butler, it started making a good deal of sense.

Garcia was listening to my end of the conversation and was breaking up. Butler finally realized I wasn't going to tell him the truth and emphatically informed me that my experiment was officially a failure. He warned me to stay in my proper position from that game on. I agreed to do so.

American League President Lee MacPhail's office warned me about my behavior on several occasions, but I didn't get fined until the foul bat incident in 1972. I was at first base in Boston and a bat slipped out of the hands of the Yankees' Bobby Murcer and came spinning down the first-base line toward me. I was on top of it in a flash, and as soon as it twirled into foul territory I gave it one of my foul/foul/foul/foul/foul calls. The TV cameras caught me and compounded my crime by showing the replay twice during the game and again on the local news. Officially I was fined \$200 for "conduct unbecoming an umpire," but I never paid it and they never pressed me on it. The best thing that came out of it was that nobody argued about the call.

I only felt bad when my fooling around hurt the quality of my work. Once I missed a play at second base in Anaheim, for example, because someone had made a nifty paper

continued

*"The truth is,
I would speak for the quality
of Smirnoff anytime.*

*Its value
speaks for itself."*



F. LEE BAILEY,
trial lawyer.

"Everyone admitted to the bar at my house, always gets Smirnoff. And no one ever raises an objection.

"Some might argue that Smirnoff® vodka costs more. I'll concede that. But consider this...for just a little more than you pay for ordinary vodkas, you can have the great quality of Smirnoff.

"Faced with evidence like this you can reach just one conclusion. Smirnoff is simply the best value in vodka. I rest my case."

Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

Bang! Bang!

continued



It was hard to argue with Armando Rodriguez, who knew his baseball but little English.

airplane from a page in the game program and sailed at onto the infield. I picked it up and was just about to launch it when an article about the Angels' Carney Lansford caught my eye. I was reading it when the runner on first tried to steal second, and I was out of position to make the call. I called him out, figuring I had a 50-50 chance of being right. No one argued, so I guess I got it right. I did find out, however, that Lansford graduated from Wilcox High School in Santa Clara, Calif.

Dick Williams, who thought I was a showboat, made me pay for it one afternoon in Baltimore. It was the only time in my 11-year major league career that I had to change a real call. It was in 1975. I was at third base, Bill Haller was at first, and Armando Rodriguez was behind the plate. Armando was a veteran Mexican League umpire who had been hired because the president of Mexico convinced our government that it would be a popular goodwill gesture. Armando was an excellent umpire, but he spoke no English. "Steak and potatoes" were the only words he knew, which made it difficult for players to argue with him, unless they were arguing over a menu.

California's Tommy Harper hit a long fly ball down the leftfield foul line. From the moment it left his bat it was either a home run or foul ball. It was my call all the way. I started running down the line, trying to follow the ball, but it was very difficult. The sun was glinting off Memo-

rial Stadium's football press boxes and eventually I lost the ball in the glare. I had no idea where it landed.

The first thing taught in umpires' school is make a call. Right or wrong, make a call. In this situation my only option was to try to fake it. I had a 50% chance of being right. I looked at the Orioles' leftfielder, Don Buford, and he was looking into the seats. I listened to the Baltimore crowd. The fans were quiet, as if something terrible had happened to their team. I figured it had to be a home run.

But, because I wasn't positive, and I knew it was a close call, I decided to give it the full Luciano special. I was going to sell it so hard, no one could possibly doubt I knew what I was doing. I leaped high into the air. I twirled my hand. I spun around. I shouted at the top of my lungs. I blew up a small sandstorm.

I was about seven feet off the ground when I first realized I'd made the wrong call. Don Buford was racing toward me. The Oriole relief pitchers in the bullpen didn't even bother opening the gate. They came right over the fence at me. I turned around, and Brooks Robinson, who had never argued with an umpire in his life, was breathing fire. The fans were screaming at me. I was surrounded.

Then I saw Earl Weaver, my longtime nemesis, leading the rest of the team onto the field. There was no doubt in my mind I had made a mistake. So before Earl could say a word, I shouted, "Don't

got yourself thrown out of the game, I'm gonna get help."

He was so shocked he barely screamed at me. He pushed everybody out of the way so I would have a clear path. I walked past him toward home plate to get help. Suddenly I looked up. Grinning happily at me from behind the plate was Armando Rodriguez. "#5!"--"8." I thought, and veered off toward Bill Haller, who was umpiring at first.

When I reached him, I said, "I blew it, huh?"

He shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. What's 40 or 50 feet? Hey, Ron, when you started jumping all around like that, I didn't know exactly what you were trying to do."

"I gotta change it, right?"

He agreed.

"But if I do, Williams is gonna go nuts and I'm gonna have to run him out, right?"

He agreed.

I had no choice. As I walked slowly past the Angels' dugout I shouted to Harper, "Foul ball, you're still up," and kept walking. I was sort of hoping I could sneak this one by Williams. In fact, he was waiting for me at third. He had already started the argument by the time I got there. "First you call it fair then you call it foul and you don't know what you're doing and you're making a mockery of the game the way you jump up and down and you know you're going to have to run me 'cause I can't stand to stay here and see you doing things like that and..."

I really couldn't argue with him. He had a legitimate gripe. I pushed my face up close to him and screamed, "You know I'm gonna have to run you, right? So you wanna go now?"

"No, I don't wanna go now, and when I do go I want you to throw me out of the game the same way you called that a fair ball. I want you to leap into the air and make funny circles with your hands and I want to hear you shouting..."

"Now?"

"No, not now, I'll tell you when. Then I want you to start spinning around like a damn top and I want it all in one motion and I want you to yell so loud that the people back in California can hear what a rotten umpire you are..."

Eventually he shouted himself out. "Now?" I asked.

"Now," he agreed.

continued

Merit Taste Unbeaten!

MERIT low tar/good taste combination continues as proven winner over leading higher tar brands.

One low tar cigarette continues to challenge higher tar smoking—and win.

Latest research offers new evidence confirming MERIT as the *proven* taste alternative to higher tar smoking.

Higher Tars Meet Taste Match.

In impartial new tests where brand identity was concealed, the *overwhelming majority* of

smokers reported MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading higher tar brands.

Moreover, when tar levels were revealed, 2 out of 3 chose the MERIT combination of low tar and good taste.

Year after year, in study after study, MERIT remains unbeaten. The *proven* taste alternative to higher tar smoking—is MERIT.



MERIT

Regular & Menthol

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1992

Reg: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—Ment: 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 8 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Ment: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar 91

Bang! Bang!

continued

I bent my knees slightly, then leaped as high as I could straight into the air and at the top of my jump thrust out my right arm and shouted at him as loud as possible. I hit the ground twirling and jumped again and screamed louder than before.

Williams jammed his hands into his back pockets and nodded approvingly. "That's all right," he said, and left the field.

My trademark on the playing field, the thing that attracted the most attention to me, was my habit of "shooting out" players. In school, umpires are taught the basics of the job—how to get into the correct position, how to make calls and how to run a ball game—but with experience each man develops his own style. One will give it the short arm extended and a crisp call; another will draw it out. Me? I just pulled out my trusty index finger and let them have it.

It started accidentally in 1971. Famous Amos Otis was the victim. Amos and I had been friends since his International League days. For some reason, during his first years with the Kansas City Royals I couldn't do anything but call him out. I mean, every play. If he tried to steal second my hand would be in the air before the catcher released the throw. I don't know why it happened, but I had a mental block and always thought he was out. Safe or out, he was out. No way he was going to get a close call from me.

So before the 1972 season I consciously told myself I was going to change. I thought over and over, Amos Otis is safe, Amos Otis is safe. It worked better than I intended. For half a season I couldn't call him out. He'd hit a grounder to shortstop and be walking back to the dugout and I'd call him safe. Everybody on the Royals knew about the situation and kidded both of us about it. Even Amos was embarrassed. "I know you like me, Ron," he said, "but I can get on base without your help."

I had to try to reverse myself again. We went into Kansas City for a three-game series and I was determined not to help him or hinder him. I was simply going to get it right. His first time at bat he hit a routine one-hopper back to the pitcher. He was running full speed because he knew I was going to call him safe and he wanted to make it look good. I was thinking, I can't possibly call him safe on this one, I know I'm going to get it right. The pitcher tossed the ball to the first baseman and Otis was out by 15 feet.

I was so pleased that I was finally going to get him that I pointed my index finger at him, cocked my thumb and started screaming, "I gotcha, gotcha, gotcha..." Meanwhile the rest of the Royals are standing on the dugout steps screaming, "Shoot him, shoot him!" I had no idea what they were talking about until I realized I had my trigger finger pointing at him. And it was loaded. So I shot him with it. Three times. And when I finished, I casually blew the smoke away from the barrel and put it back in its holster.

Then I shot the next guy. Got him by five feet. He was racing down the baseline and I was yelling, "Bang, you're out!" I was actually yelling that at the runner. Suddenly the mundane out call at first base became a lot of fun for me and the fans. It was different, it didn't hurt anyone and made a routine moment entertaining. My personal record is 16 shots. Bill Haller counted them.

The only player who ever complained about it was the shortstop, Freddie Patek, when he was with the Royals. He approached me before a game in which I was scheduled to work first

base. "Look," he said, "I haven't had a hit in about 20 at bats, and I'm gonna be embarrassed if you shoot me out. So please give me a break this time." I agreed not to do it.

He struck out his first at bat and fired to the outfield his second, so I didn't get a chance at him. But his third time up he hit an easy ground ball to short. John Mayberry and Frank White were yelling at me from the Royal dugout, "Shoot him, shoot him!" But I had given him my word, and I intended to honor it. So I pulled the pin out of a hand grenade and threw it at him.

Only umpires and some pitchers really understand baseballs. To most players, including catchers, every baseball is the same. How easily they're fooled by surface appearances. Every baseball is different. Pitchers know that. The laces might be higher than normal, or tighter; the cover may be too slick, it might even have a nick in it. Some years baseballs are different sizes than other years, no matter what the league office claims.

When a pitcher asks the umpire for a new baseball, the man in blue usually inspects the old one and either tosses it out of play or slips it into his pocket and gives the pitcher a new one. Depending on who the pitcher was, I often pretended to put the ball in my pocket, but in fact kept the same one in play. Among others, Dennis Eckensley accepted and pitched with the same ball he'd rejected.

Jim Palmer was the only pitcher who consistently rejected the same baseballs. I tested him on a number of occasions, and he passed every test. He'd reject a ball, and I'd put it in my pocket and give it to him again a few balls later and he'd reject it again. That is a man who knows his business. Unfortunately, he is also a man who thought he knew my business and was never shy about telling me.

Hitters can also ask the umpire to look at a ball and throw it out if it's marked or scuffed. Theoretically every baseball could be rejected for some reason, so the umpire's decision usually depends on who is asking. Umpires didn't like the macho-travelled Alex Johnson when he was playing because he was a chronic complainer, and so gave him nothing. If he asked me to look at a ball I'd glance at it. That ball could've been square and I wouldn't have taken it out of play. "Good ball," I'd decide, and toss it back

continued



Amos Otis was my first trigger victim. When fans yelled, "Shoot him," I happily obliged.



The year of the Century.

1982 Buick Century.

This could be just another year for you. Or, it could be the year of the Century. Especially once you consider the many pleasures our new 1982 Buick Century can bring you season after season.

To begin with, Century is the most aerodynamic Buick ever. In fact, compared to last year, Century uses less fuel to overcome air resistance caused by driving through the blustering winds of fall. And, in winter, its front-wheel drive makes it an ideal ally against the snow.

With a standard 4-cylinder engine—or an available V-6 gasoline or V-6 diesel—Century will splash through spring with

impressive mileage. And, its remarkable packaging efficiency means lots of space with less bulk. Enough, in fact, to carry a family of five—with luggage—comfortably through summer.

Considering the pleasure a new Century could bring all year, isn't it worth a trip to your Buick dealer's today?

2.5 Liter L-4	
EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG
40	25

3.0 Liter V-6	
EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG
33	21

4.3 Liter V-6 Diesel*	
EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG
42	26

Use estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Estimates lower in California. Some Buicks are equipped with engines produced by other GM Divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Buick dealer for details.

*Buick projection of 1982 EPA V-6 Diesel estimates. See your dealer for actual EPA estimates.



to the pitcher. On the other hand, if Rod Carew asked me to check the ball, I didn't even have to glance at it. That ball was gone. If Rodney didn't like it, then I didn't like it. That's one of the reasons we were such a good hitter.

The hit-batsman call is one of the most difficult to make behind the plate. Only once did a man hit by a pitch refuse to take his base while I was umpiring. Don Mincher was with Oakland, and there was a runner on third with less than two out. All Mincher had to do was get good wood on the ball and he had himself another run batted in. But the ball clipped his uniform shirt, and I told him to take first base.

"No," he said, "it didn't hit me. It hit my bat."

"It hit you," I insisted.

"Say it hit my bat," he pleaded.

The catcher looked up at me. "What'd you call?" he asked, his way of telling me he wasn't going to argue if I let Mincher hit. Mincher struck out a lot, and the catcher would just as soon take his chances with Mincher as a hitter.

"Foul ball," I yelled. "Let's play."

There were occasions during my career when I made a mark to prevent the other team from arguing a hit-batsman call. If the catcher questioned it, I'd grab the player by the wrist or forearm and squeeze hard with my thumb, creating admissible evidence. Then I'd point the blemish out to the catcher, quickly ending the argument.

That got me into difficulty one afternoon. The batter was Tommy McCraw, a black first baseman then with the California Angels. I thought he was hit on the wrist by a close pitch so I pointed to first base, but White Sox Catcher Ed Herrmann protested. I didn't know for sure that McCraw had been hit, but once I made the call I had to justify it. I grabbed McCraw's arm and took a quick look. I couldn't find a mark, so I started squeezing his wrist with my thumb. I weighed nearly 300 pounds at the time and could squeeze a wrist.

But I couldn't produce a mark.

"Lemme see the bruise," Herrmann was demanding, trying to look over my shoulder. I kept turning away from him so he couldn't see, dragging McCraw around in a little circle with me.



The mark of a good umpire can lead to first base.

McCraw was grabbing my hand with his free hand, trying to pull it away. "C'mon, Ron," he was yelling, "that hurts, you're hurting me."

"I'm looking for the mark," I said, continuing to turn him around and squeezing his wrist as Herrmann tried to push his way in.

Finally, McCraw pulled away from me. There, on his wrist, was a welt just about the same size as my thumb. "There it is!" I pointed victoriously as I pushed McCraw toward first. "Go ahead, take your base."

"Where is it?" Herrmann demanded. "I don't see it."

McCraw started trotting toward first, shaking his wrist. "C'mon, let's go," I yelled in Herrmann's ear. "Play ball."

When Ted Williams was managing the Washington Senators he often came into the umpires' dressing room after games to talk about pitchers. Williams knows more about hitting than any man alive, but he also always knew who to talk to about pitching. He'd ask about specific pitches during the game—for example, was that a good pitch Mike Epstein struck out on in the third inning? We'd tell him as much as we remembered and make up the rest.

Once these conversations led to a potentially embarrassing moment. Every third word out of Williams' mouth was a swear word. These adjectives were an absolutely essential part of his baseball vocabulary. One night, in Washington, President Nixon used our locker room as his ball-park office because it was small,

secure and had a separate entrance on the field right next to the President's box. They even installed a red phone in the room. You can imagine my temptation.

After the game Nixon paused to talk baseball with us. I was my usual delightful self and was in the middle of a wonderful story about me when Williams rapped on the door. The four umpires in the room became so quiet you could have heard a stolen baseball drop.

The Secret Service agents escorted Williams into the room. I knew exactly what was coming next and closed my eyes, although that didn't affect my hearing. "Hey," Williams said after being introduced to the President of the United States, "how the %\$#&@%\$# are you?"

Nixon didn't hesitate. He looked at us and said, "Oh, don't worry about that I've met the %\$#&@%\$ man before."

Any discussion of the fastball has to begin with Nolan Ryan, with Goose Gosage in relief. Ryan was the first man I ever saw who was capable of throwing an exploding fastball. Although we knew he was supposedly the fastest gun in the National League, I didn't hear him pitch until 1972, after the Mets traded him to the Angels. In a game in August I had the plate with him on the mound. I was immediately impressed, but not overwhelmed, not until the fourth inning. In that inning he went into his fluid wind-up, reared back and fired. Until the pitch reached home plate it looked like a very good, but normal, rising fastball. Then, suddenly, it exploded! A million specks of shiny white cover blinded me. I closed my eyes to protect myself. I waited for the roar of the crowd.

Nobody else noticed it.

I blinked, tried to shake the flash out of my eyes, and called it a strike.

Must have been my imagination, I thought, and put it out of my mind. But a few innings later, bam! The same thing happened. The baseball actually exploded. That's when I began to worry that there was something wrong with my eyesight. So when I was in New York City I made an appointment with a noted optometrist.

The doctor examined my eyes, then explained that Ryan's exploding fastball

was simply an optical illusion. Normally, when a pitcher releases the ball, it appears to be the size of a golf ball, but as it comes toward the plate it grows into a regular-sized baseball. A number of times each game Ryan threw the ball with such velocity that my eyes simply couldn't make the adjustment fast enough, so it remained golf-ball size until it got to the plate, then popped, or exploded, into a full-sized baseball. That explained my problem. "So my eyes are OK?" I asked him.

"For an umpire," the doctor answered noncommittally.

The key to hitting is good eyes. Ted Williams went just a bit farther. He claimed he could actually see the ball hit the bat. He said he could see if the bat hit one seam, two seams or missed the seams entirely. In spring training, in 1972, he offered to prove it to me. Admittedly, I was reluctant to go along with him. In his prime Williams had been one of the greatest hitters in baseball history, but at this time he was 54 years old. A hitter's reflexes usually start fading in his mid-30s, and in Williams' case that was two decades earlier. I didn't want to embarrass him by shattering one of his beliefs, but he insisted. With my head down, I followed him to a practice field. He covered the barrel of a bat with pine tar and stepped up to the plate. A hard-throwing rookie had been recruited to pitch to him. I took a deep breath, anticipating what was going to be a very sad moment.

The young pitcher threw a bullet and Williams hit a rocket to centerfield. "One seam," he shouted confidently over his shoulder.

"Sure, Ted," I agreed. I was just glad he was still able to hit the ball. Someone retrieved it and brought it over to me. One seam was covered with pine tar.

He hit another pitch. "About a quarter inch above the \$#%\$%\$% seam," he said.

That ball had a pine-tar scar just a quarter inch above the seam. He called five of seven perfectly, the most amazing display of hitting ability I've ever seen.

Although it must have become obvious by now that I don't like to brag about my somewhat limited accomplishments, I must admit I've given the benefit of my wisdom to a few favored players. One day in Oakland, Sal Bando came up to

continued



"You never bought me Chivas Regal."

Chivas Regal • 12 Year Old Worldwide • Blended Scotch Whisky • 80 Proof • General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

me and started talking about the slump he was in. "You've seen me enough," he said. "Whaddya think I'm doing wrong? I just can't seem to get my weight moving forward."

In all modesty I know as much about hitting as I do about Alaskan wines, but I wasn't about to admit that. "Yeah, I noticed that, too," I said. "Have you checked the films?"

He said he had, and hadn't seen anything unusual.

"Doesn't surprise me," I said knowingly. "Tell you what," I guessed, "I think maybe you're standing a little too far off the plate. You're seeing the inside pitch good, but you can't reach the outside pitch."

He was skeptical. "You really think that's it?"

"Absolutely. That's probably definitely it. Try crowding the plate a bit."

I was working third base the next day. Bando came out in the first inning and told me he'd checked the films and I might be right. "Watch me when I'm up. I'm gonna get up close and hit the ball out."

"Sure," I agreed. "Just crowd the plate."

He came to bat in the second inning. Just as he had predicted, he hit the second pitch a ton. A tremendous shot over the leftfield wall. I don't know who was happier, me or Bando. As he rounded second base he was clapping his hands and whooping. I totally forgot where I was and ran toward him. As we came together he held out his palm and I slapped it hard, then slapped him on the behind as he trotted past me. I watched him swing around third base and . . . then I realized what I'd done. I'd broken every behavior code in the book. I'd actually congratulated a player on the field. What were the fans going to think? What was the opposing team going to think? Most important, what was Lee MacPhail going to think?

I lowered my head and began slinking back toward third base. As I got close, the third baseman was looking at me as if I were slightly out of my mind. But before he could say a word, I said firmly, "It's O.K. We're Italian."

Probably the worst thing that can happen to most hitters is that they eventually become base runners. For some that is an extremely difficult transition to make. I've been caught in a rundown myself. This was in 1973, when I was still hustling. A California player got caught between first and second. I started moving back and forth with him so I could get a clear view of the play. We had them going, too. We were dancing back and forth, four steps toward first, five toward second. A properly executed rundown shouldn't require more than two throws, but we had them so mixed up they'd made four throws and we were still alive. I was really into it, waiting for the opportunity to make a break for the base. But somehow, to this day I don't understand how, I got too close to the runner. I sort of tripped him. Not tripped, exactly. It was more like running into him. We both went down and I had no choice but to call both of us out. Neither of us argued.

Only once did I ever try to help a base runner, and there was a very good reason I did so. Greed. Pure greed. In 1975 baseball was building a promotion around the one-millionth run scored in major league history. The players—and umpires—involved in the game in which the run was scored would receive engraved wristwatches. The magic word was free. Everybody in baseball was going for it.

I was working third base for the White Sox and A's on the fateful day. We were in the fourth inning, nobody out. Oakland had runners on first and third, when the announcement was made that the 999,999th run had been scored. Man on third, nobody out? I could hear that

sneaky timepiece ticking on my wrist. I could feel the gold against my skin.

The batter lifted a short fly to right field. No way it was deep enough for the runner to tag up and score. No way at all. But I saw him bend into the running position, his back foot pushed against the base. "Don't go," I yelled pleadingly, "don't go!"

He went. Ed Herrmann caught the throw from the outfield on a fly and stood at home plate with a sad, incredulous look on his face. He had no choice but to make the play, and he did. I couldn't believe the runner had taken my watch away from me.

We still had a shot, though. On the play at the plate the runner on first had alerted tagged and gone to second. A base hit would score him with the one-millionth run. And on the first pitch the batter smacked a line-drive single. The runner tore around third . . . and stopped. He just stopped and scampered back to third base. Again I was screaming. "Go! Go!" I was signaling with my hands. "Go!" I wanted to take him by the hand and drag him home.

It was probably too late anyway. As soon as that play ended, the announcer informed the crowd that Houston's Bob Watson had scored the millionth run in major league history. So today some National League umpire is wearing my watch.

Over a period of time I learned to trust certain catchers so much that I actually let them umpire for me on the bad days. The bad days usually followed the good nights. Those were the days when I knew I was in trouble because I'd be seeing two baseballs, and Nolan Ryan wasn't pitching. On those days there wasn't much I could do but take two aspirin and call as little as possible. If someone I

continued

I thought my vision was going when I saw Nolan Ryan's exploding fastball.

"Now that John's retired, we'll be traveling a lot more. So when we bought our new GM car, we got the GM Continuous Protection Plan for convenience and peace of mind."



GM's Continuous Protection Plan for cars, light-duty trucks and vans offers low-cost protection against major repair bills for up to 4 years or 50,000 miles.

GM's Continuous Protection Plan is an inflation fighting option that goes well beyond GM's new-vehicle limited warranties.

Once your new-vehicle warranty expires, you pay only \$25 per visit on covered repairs. GM pays the rest!

Up to 10 major assemblies are covered.

Depending on the plan you choose, GM covers the engine, transmission, front- and rear-wheel drives, cooling and fuel, steering, front suspension, brakes, electrical system and air conditioner. See your GM dealer for full details.

Car rental and towing allowances.

All GM Continuous Protection Plans offer generous car rental allowances any time your vehicle is inoperative and kept overnight for covered repairs. And towing allowances up to \$25 per occurrence.

Choose the coverage that's right for you.

You can get protection that lasts for 3 years or 36,000 miles, whichever comes first, or extend your coverage to 4 years or 50,000 miles. Either way, you have an agreement directly with General Motors.

Convenient service and a toll-free hot line.

GM dealers in the United States and Canada stand ready to serve you. You also get a personal ID card and a toll-free "800" hot line telephone number for assistance.

It's transferable.

For a \$25 fee, the plan can be transferred to a subsequent owner. This could be an added selling feature when you sell your GM vehicle, or you can cancel the plan and receive a prorated cash refund. So protect your new-vehicle investment with the GM Continuous Protection Plan.

When you buy your new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC and Chevrolet Light-Duty Truck or Van, ask for the Plan with this mark.

**Continuous
Protection
Plan**

GM



Caught up in the game and caught in a rundown: When I tripped the runner I had to call as out.

trusted was catching, like Elrod Hendricks, Ed Herrmann, or Johnny Roseboro, I'd tell him, "Look, it's a bad day. You'd better take it for me. If it's a strike, hold your glove in place for an extra second. If it's a ball, throw it right back. And please, don't yell."

"What about tips?" one of my friends asked me.

"Nah," I said, "I'm not paying at all." It would work just fine. If they held the ball I'd call it, softly, a strike, and if they threw it right back, a ball. If the game was close in the later innings I'd take back control. No one I ever worked with ever took advantage of the situation, and no hitter ever figured out what I was doing. And only once, when Herrmann was calling the pitches, did a pitcher ever complain about a call. I smiled; I laughed; but I didn't say a word. I was tempted, though, really tempted.

There was a time in my imaginary playing career when I thought that, given the choice and another body, I'd want to be an infielder. I continued to feel that way until I made my major league debut.

Spring training, 1973, Tucson, Arizona. The Indians were playing the Angels in an exhibition game. Buddy Bell was at third base for Cleveland and having an awful day. I was umpiring at third and reminding him he was having an awful day. After he committed his second ridiculous error I did the natural thing. I laughed at him. He turned around and

warned me, "Watch your step, Luciano. I make one more, you're gonna have to play third and I'm gonna ump." An inning later a routine grounder skipped through his legs, setting up my major league career. Bell turned around and flipped his glove to me, and we exchanged hats.

In an instant I made the transition from umpire to player. Suddenly I was part of the team. Winning mattered. I was no longer neutral. I bent down as low as possible and made sure the fingers of my glove were almost brushing the dirt so nothing could get under it. I was ready. The batter, a righthanded hitter, stepped up to the plate and looked in my direction.

I knew then I was going to be killed. He was so close to me. And so big. And he was actually swinging a telephone pole. I'd never felt so vulnerable in my life. When I'd played football I'd worn protective padding. The only padding I had that day was hanging over my belt.

The batter took a few vicious practice swings. I could feel a slight breeze. I backed up a foot, thought about it, and backed up another few feet. Bell was standing behind me yelling at the pitcher to keep the game moving. I started yelling at the pitcher, too. "C'mon, babe," I screamed, "you can walk this guy."

The pitcher started his windup. Everything was wrong. Bell's glove was too small for me. I needed spikes.

The first pitch was high and outside.

"Way to go," I screamed. "Keep it away from him."

"Come on, Luciano," Bell sneered, imitating a well-known umpire. "Bend down."

I glanced over my shoulder. "No talking to the players, bah."

The second pitch was low and inside, a perfect pitch to pull through my stomach. The batter stepped into it and began swinging. I began retreating. Luckily he missed it. "Good pitch, good pitch," I yelled. "Way to go."

The batter hit the third pitch on a rope to rightfield. I knew enough to cover third base in case the runner from first tried to go to third. Unfortunately, he did. Shortstop Frank Duffy was there to cut off the throw to prevent the hitter from going to second. The rightfielder's throw came toward third on a low, hard line, but I could see it wasn't going to beat the runner. "Cut it," I screamed. Duffy ducked out of the way. Laughing.

I actually caught the ball without suffering any permanent injury. Self-defense. But the runner was safely on third. The batter, however, was racing toward second, testing my throwing arm. I wound up and threw a small-caliber bullet over second. Way over second. Eight feet over second. Jack Brohamer leaped into the air and somehow managed to come down with the ball. By that time, though, the batter, Mike Epstein, was standing on the base dusting off his uniform. Brohamer tagged him anyway. Joe Brinkman called him out.

Epstein couldn't believe it. He began screaming, but Brinkman cut him off in mid-yowl. "Who do you think threw it?" he asked, pointing toward third.

Epstein turned and saw me standing next to the base, kicking the dirt and looking sort of sheepish. "Oh," he said softly, and trotted off the field. That ended my playing career. As soon as the league office heard about it, I received a letter telling me never to play again—as if I needed a warning—and both clubs were reprimanded. I've never been invited back for Old Timers Day, either. How quickly they forget.

NEXT WEEK

In Part II of a two-part series Luciano expounds on a favorite subject: Orsole Manager Earl Weaver.

\$100 or \$9, both say Ballantine's



While Ballantine's® 30-year-old Scotch is being nurtured those extra years, Ballantine's Finest is being sipped and enjoyed. It must be exceptional, just as our 30-year-old is exceptional, if it's to earn our name and your approval.

Ballantine's 30-year-old, about \$100 when available.
Ballantine's Finest, about \$9.
Ballantine's. Makers of the oldest and most expensive Scotch in the world.

Blended Scotch Whisky, 88 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., New York, NY © 1981.



Nobody colors sports like Sports Illustrated.

Now Sports Illustrated gives you more color photography than ever before. More than any other sports magazine. More, in fact, than any other national weekly magazine.

Because since May, virtually every photograph in Sports Illustrated is in vivid full color.

And that means even better sports coverage for you, all year long, issue after issue. With more color photography and crisp, insightful reporting, we give you sports like nobody else. So if it's time to renew your subscription, do it now. And stay with us for all the color and excitement in the months

ahead. If you're not already a subscriber, sign up today. Look for the postpaid order card in this issue. Or call toll-free 1-800-621-8200. And join us for a whole new era in sports reporting.

Sports Illustrated

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 8-14

Compiled by BRUCE ANDERSON

PROBABLY REAL—Boston clung to a half-point lead in the Atlantic Division after beating Los Angeles (58-103) on Sunday. Second-place Philadelphia won all three of its games and signed David Dowling to a five-year contract reportedly worth more than \$1 million. Boston's win in a 4-1 high-scoring first in the Pacific Division. The SuperSeals had a seven-game win streak topped with a loss—the first of three in a row—to Houston, 117-100. Rocker of Moses Malone had 36 points and 32 rebounds in that game, while All-Star Center Jack Sikma had only three boards. For Seattle, Midwest Division-leading San Antonio went 2-1, and Milwaukee, peacemaker in the Central Division, went 4-0 to tie its win streak to nine (page 22).

FOUR-LEGGED—SILVIO GIOBELLEINA drove a Swiss fear map to the world title, beating as East Germany did driven by Bernhard Lehmann by 1.02 seconds over four runs down the 1,585-meter course in St. Moritz, Switzerland.

BOXING—MICHAEL SPINKS knocked out Mustafa Wazir in the sixth round in Atlantic City to retain his WBA lightweight title.

ALEXIS ARGUELLO successfully defended his WBC lightweight championship with a sixth-round knockout of Babito Barrera in Houston, Texas.

OSSE CASASO won a 15-round upset decision over Willie Williams in Johannesburg to win the new WBA junior heavyweight (150-pound) title.

CHUL-HO KIM retained his WBC super flyweight title with an eighth-round knockout of Koki Iino in Tokyo, South Korea.

GOLF—WAYNE LELIE shot an 11-under-par 227 to win the \$325,000 Hawaiian Open in Honolulu. He beat Scott Simpson by one stroke.

HOLLIS STACY won a \$125,000 LPGA tournament in St. Petersburg, Fla. with a 12-under-par 204, defeating Patty Sheehan by a stroke.

HOCKEY—The Patrick Division-leading New York Islanders were hot even in the All-Star Game. Islander Mike Bossy scored two goals for the Wales Conference as it beat the Campbell Conference 4-2. Then New York won three tied games in a row to rule their win streak to 12, top city of the league record set by Boston in 1929-30. Islander Bryan Trottier scored five goals in an 8-2 win over Philadelphia, tying a league record by putting four of them in the second period. Montreal opened a six-point lead in the Adams Division by winning two games and extending its run of victories to 11 games. Wayne Gretzky of Seattle Division-leading Edmonton became the second NHL player ever to score 30 goals in a season in a 5-3 win over Washington, Minnesota, first-catcher to the league. Gretzky, defeated Detroit 6-1 in Dino Ciccarelli scored two goals and had two assists (page 45).

HORSE RACING—Iref Full rode Royal Roberto (51) to a 10-length victory over New Discoveries in the \$85,500 Everglades Stakes at Palm Beach. The 3-year-old ran the 10-furlong race in 1:45.

MOTOR SPORTS—BOBBY ALLISON is a Buick Global Car Yelknough in another Buick by 12.57 seconds to win the \$927,625 Daytona 500. Allison averaged 153.991 mph around the 2.5-mile oval (page 42).

INDIAN SOCCER—MSL Western Division-leading St. Louis won its games, losing 10-3 to Buffalo and winning 5-4 in overtime against Phoenix. Pittsburgh played atop the heated Eastern Division race by beating New Jersey 5-2 on the road and clamping Memphis 6-3 at home.

NASCAR—Two division championships were settled on the first day of the winter season in Chicago last. Bobby Hill 16-9 to win the Central title and Montealembert defeated Toronto 8-3 to claim the Eastern crown. Edmonson, in said season in the North-west, was crowned for the third by beating Western champion San Diego 13-6 and Vancouver 9-4.

SPEED SKATING—At the world championships in Inzell, West Germany, KARIN BUSCH captured the gold medal by winning the 500 meters, 1,000 and 1,500 to finish with 168 271 points, 2,436 better than Andrea Malschitzky.

SWIMMING—VLADIMIR SALNIKOV swam the 800-meter freestyle in 7:52.82 in Moscow to break 2.66 off the world record he set in 1979.

TENNIS—JOHAN KRIEK defeated John McEnroe 6-3 2-6, 6-4 to win \$45,000 and the U.S. National Indoor title in Memphis.

JOSÉ-LUIS CLERIC beat Fritz Buehning 3-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-1 to win a \$300,000 WCT tournament in Richmond, Va.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA beat Barbara Potter 6-2, 6-2 to win a \$100,000 event in Kansas City.

TRACK & FIELD—At the 75th Millrose Games in New York City, MARY DECKER TARR ran the mile in 4:21.47 to knock 3.15 seconds off the women's world indoor mark she had set a week before; and CANDY YOUNG and STEPHANIE HIGHERMAN ran the 60-yard high hurdles in 7.36, bettering a dead heat and outpacing 69 from the women's world indoor record set by Debbie Brill two weeks before.

In Driess, COLEEN RIENSTRA-SOMMER high-jumped 6' 6 1/2" to surpass by half an inch the women's world indoor record set by Debbie Brill two weeks before.

MERLENE DITTEY ran the 300-yard dash in 32.75 at Lincoln, Neb. to trim 3.5 off the women's world indoor record she had set two weeks before.

MUSEUMS—ARRESTED In Mexico City, World Housing Council President JOSÉ SULLAINAN, 30, who was charged with illegal possession of an estimated \$200 million worth of archaeological artifacts.

FRED As general manager of Legnana Downs racetrack, VINCENT BAKTIMO, 63, and charges—which Bantano denies—by the other directors of the track that he misused \$400,000.

RESIGNED As the track and field coach at Texas Tech, TED RANKS, 47, who guided the Minors to 15 NCAA team titles in outdoor track (six), indoor track (six) and cross-country (six).

SIGNED By the New York Mets, outfielder GEORGE FOSTER, 33, to a five-year, \$10 million contract. The signing completed a trade that sent catcher ALEX TRINDLE, 24, and pitcher JIM KEMP, 25, and GREG BARRIS, 26, to Cincinnati.

TRADED By the Los Angeles Dodgers, Second Baseman DAVEY LOPEZ, 35, to the Oakland A's, for infielder LANCE HUDSON, 19.

By the San Diego Padres, Shortstop DEZIE SMITH, 22, to the St. Louis Cardinals, for Shortstop GARRY TEMPLETON, 25.

By the Cincinnati Reds, Pitcher PAUL MOSKALU, 28, to the Baltimore Orioles, for a player to be named later.

By the San Diego Clippers, Guard PHIL SMITH, 28, to the Seattle SuperSonics, for Guard ARMOND HILL, 28, and a second-round choice in the 1982 draft.

DIED JOHN HAY (Jed) WHITNEY, 73, who owned in partnership with his late sister, Joan Whitney Payson, Greenleaf Stables, which produced four Belmont Stakes winners and the 1955 Horse of the Year, Iron Ford, of consecutive years before in Manhattan, N.Y. Whitney was also publisher of The New York Herald Tribune from 1961 to '66 and ambassador to Great Britain from 1955 to '61.

DIED ROLD BUDDER, 20, one of 40 states winners, including Kentucky Derby winner Secretariat III (1973) and Charade (1974), of a captured arsonist, in Lexington, Ky.

FACES IN THE CROWD



STEVE OIVINGTON
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Steve, a senior center at Holliston High, scored a hat trick in a 12-second span during the Panther hockey team's 9-2 win over Westwood. In passing Holliston in a 14-5 record, he has had 25 goals, 24 assists and two five-goal games.



JASON WHARTON
POMONA

Jason rode to victory in the 10-year-old expert division and won the overall championship at the American Bicycle Association's Grand National motocross in Oklahoma City. He also was named the ABA's No. 1 BMX amateur for 1981.



PATTY METZLER
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

Patty, 16, won the TFA-USA intermediate girls cross-country title in Raleigh, N.C., running the 5,000-meter course in 18:08. She has won four state high school girls' championships—two in cross-country and two in the 1,600-meter run.



JACK JONES
DEERFIELD BEACH, FLA.

Jones, 45, an anthropology teacher, has coached the Englewood School soccer team to five consecutive New England Junior School titles and a 177-15-11 record over 15 seasons. The Eagles have gone 66 games without losing.



KAY KOBERGER
LEWIS PAPER, MISS.

Kay, a 5'11" senior forward, has scored 25-6 points a game this season for the 15-1 girls' basketball team at Lewis Paper High. She has 2,024 career points, including a single-game high of 54. She won the state long-jump (17' 6 1/2") in 1980.



ALLAN ABUTO
KNOX, TENN.

Abuto, a freshman at Maconaquille College, kept a soccer ball in the air for 11 hours, 36 minutes, 19 seconds to break the 1980 "world record" by 1:24.1. He had the ball 85,295 times with his feet, legs and head before it touched the ground.

CREDITS

36—Manny Milian 19—George Tredeanu 20—Manny Milian (left) George Tredeanu 21—Manny Milian (right) George Tredeanu 22—David C. Verner 23—Eric Schwabach 24—Eric Schwabach 25—Paul Kennedy 26—David C. Verner 27—Eric Schwabach 28—Eric Schwabach 29—Eric Schwabach 30—Eric Schwabach 31—Eric Schwabach 32—Eric Schwabach 33—Eric Schwabach 34—Eric Schwabach 35—Eric Schwabach 36—Eric Schwabach 37—Eric Schwabach 38—Eric Schwabach 39—Eric Schwabach 40—Eric Schwabach 41—Eric Schwabach 42—Eric Schwabach 43—Eric Schwabach 44—Eric Schwabach 45—Eric Schwabach 46—Eric Schwabach 47—Eric Schwabach 48—Eric Schwabach 49—Eric Schwabach 50—Eric Schwabach 51—Eric Schwabach 52—Eric Schwabach 53—Eric Schwabach 54—Eric Schwabach 55—Eric Schwabach 56—Eric Schwabach 57—Eric Schwabach 58—Eric Schwabach 59—Eric Schwabach 60—Eric Schwabach 61—Eric Schwabach 62—Eric Schwabach 63—Eric Schwabach 64—Eric Schwabach 65—Eric Schwabach 66—Eric Schwabach 67—Eric Schwabach 68—Eric Schwabach 69—Eric Schwabach 70—Eric Schwabach 71—Eric Schwabach 72—Eric Schwabach 73—Eric Schwabach 74—Eric Schwabach 75—Eric Schwabach 76—Eric Schwabach 77—Eric Schwabach 78—Eric Schwabach 79—Eric Schwabach 80—Eric Schwabach 81—Eric Schwabach 82—Eric Schwabach 83—Eric Schwabach 84—Eric Schwabach 85—Eric Schwabach 86—Eric Schwabach 87—Eric Schwabach 88—Eric Schwabach 89—Eric Schwabach 90—Eric Schwabach 91—Eric Schwabach 92—Eric Schwabach 93—Eric Schwabach 94—Eric Schwabach 95—Eric Schwabach 96—Eric Schwabach 97—Eric Schwabach 98—Eric Schwabach 99—Eric Schwabach 100—Eric Schwabach

Edited by GAY FLOOD

A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER

Sir:

You did it again with *Kenya Top This*? (Feb. 8). Do you realize it's 20° below zero here in Colorado, and we have a foot of snow on the ground with more coming, and our skies are gray, and we can't even tell women from men because of the multilayers of clothing we're wearing, and it has been so long since we've seen any kind of skin that isn't frostbitten, and, oh well, I guess we're doomed.

Talk about cruel and unusual punishment, but I love it!

KEITH F. DUNBAR
Judge

Rio Blanco County Court
Meeker, Colo.

Sir:

Here in Indiana the snow is a foot deep and more is on the way. The Bengals lost to the 49ers, George Foster is leaving the Reds; income taxes and license plate fees are due; and last night, Feb. 4, the Hoosiers were hammered by Iowa in basketball. Is there any hope? Yes! I opened my mailbox today and found Carol Alt on your cover. Wow! I think I can make it until spring now.

TOM BARKLEY
Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:

That swimsuit issue melted the snow here in Pennsylvania. Excellent job by Photographer John G. Zimmerman. The swimsuits weren't bad, either.

CHRIS BRUGER
Bellefonte, Pa.

Sir:

Your sunshine issue provided a lift for all of us Kansans digging out of two feet of snow. All we need now is the baseball preview and spring will be here.

GARY L. BIRNEY
Ford, Kans.

Sir:

John G. Zimmerman's photographs, especially those of Kim Alexis (wow!), have helped this angry Dallas Cowboy fan forgive SI for the seemingly endless run of pictures and print on Joe Montana and the Super Bowl champion San Francisco 49ers.

DAVID B. WARTSLER II
Fairfax, Va.

Sir:

Judging by the three preceding covers, I half expected cover girl Carol Alt's swimsuit to be adorned with a 49er insignia. Actually, the color of the suit came close to 49er red.

DENNIS DRYVAK
Chicago

Sir:

Carol Alt is finer than a 49er.

FRANK A. PERA
New York City

Sir:

Question: What do Carol Alt and 49er Coach Bill Walsh have in common? Answer: They are models of perfection.

RON RAISEN
Asheville, N.C.

Sir:

Thank you, Jule Campbell, John G. Zimmerman & troupe for *Kenya Top This*? I appreciated the beautiful swimsuits and the breathtaking scenic photography even more when I read the LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER in the same issue describing how this year's act was produced. I hope you can top it next year!

MARTHA BARCHI
Huntington Mills, Pa.

Sir:

"Kenya top this?" Yes, ya ken—by bringing back Christie Brinkley!

RODGER WINE
Chicago

Sir:

An SI swimsuit issue without Christie Brinkley? Please, say it isn't so!

JOHN MITCHELL
Hamilton, Ohio

Sir:

My feelings that Christie Brinkley was the most beautiful lady ever to grace an SI swimsuit issue have been Alt-ered.

THOMAS GOODWIN
Georgetown, Mass.

Sir:

Christie Who? Carol, woo!

KEITH KEPLER
Cincinnati

Sir:

Concerning your question, I'd probably faint if you did top this.

JAMES KELLY
Agoura, Calif.

Sir:

You've outdone yourselves with the '82 swimsuit issue—Carol, Kim, Charissa and Kathryn are the most beautiful girls in the world. Really outstanding!

JEFF STEPHEN
New York City

Sir:

My, my, are winter sports so dull that the editors of SI have to throw in some girly stuff to leave our sports-loving men with their tongues hanging out? I thought there were other magazines for that. What is your reason for this annual porno issue? And don't you

dare say it's just a special winter resort edition. We know better. If that were so, we wouldn't have to see Kim's topless number, would we? I don't think my husband really cares about the price of that little rubberband of a bikini, either. So snap out of it and get back to serious sports.

ANGELA DALLO
West Joliet, N.Y.

Sir:

Amid the avalanche of praise for all the visible skin in your latest issue, let me say, "Cheap shot!" Sex, that's what sells, right?

There are plenty of girly mags, and if I had wanted them for my children, I would not have subscribed to SI. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED implies sport of the athletic type. So illustrate that and not the see-through-bikini type. Try simulating the youngsters of the country with basketball, hockey, sailing, skiing, etc.

JAMES W. GOELVIZ
Hinsdale, Ill.

Sir:

I'm not sure what 16 pages of scantily clad women have to do with the sports reported in your Feb. 8 issue, but I am sure I would not have subscribed to your magazine for our home if I had known you put out such an issue. I will not make the same mistake when the time comes to renew.

KATHRYN LONG
Blanchard, Pa.

Sir:

I received my Feb. 8 issue and was disgusted with what I saw. I did not order a magazine expecting to see women who are 98% naked. I resent this coming to my home. I am ashamed for my wife and children to look at the pictures in this edition. I have been subscribing to your magazine for many years off and on, but I will never read another issue. Please cancel my subscription immediately.

THE REV. DON RICHARDS
Pastor
Corinth Baptist Church
Stone Mountain, Ga.

Sir:

From a Christian family viewpoint, your Feb. 8 issue is garbage.

MRS. BILL COPPINGER
Tullock Plains, Tenn.

Sir:

Gee, SI, I went out to the mailbox yesterday in my old sweater, displaying a winter pallor, a neck like crepe paper and chapped lips and hands. I was just thrilled to see the bathing suit issue. Since the end of the football season, there hasn't been a glimmer in my husband's eye. I was hoping the next one would be for me. Now that hope is dashed.

continued

Germany, now only \$3.15

It's the new low rate, \$3.15 for a 3-minute call to Germany. Just dial the call yourself during the lower rate periods... any night, 5pm. to 5 a.m.

If you don't have International Dialing in your area, you still get the same low rate as long as it's a simple Station phone call. (Person-to-person, credit card and collect calls, for example, cost more because they require special operator assistance.) Just tell the local Operator the country, city, and telephone number you want.

Here's how easy it is to dial Munich:

011 + 49 + 89 + LOCAL NUMBER

(If you are calling from a Touch-Tone® telephone, press the "*" button after dialing the entire number. This will speed your call along.)

\$3.15! What a nice surprise! Or, as they say in Germany, "Ach Du lieber!"

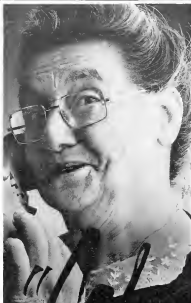
Want to know more? Then call our International Information Service, toll free.

1-800-874-4000

In Florida, call 1-800-342-0400



Bell System



INITIAL 3-MINUTE DIAL RATES

1 MONTHLY U.S. DOLLAR RATES	DAYS	NIGHTS
Austria	\$4.05	— A
Belgium	4.05	\$3.15 B
Denmark	4.05	3.15 B
Finland	4.05	3.15 B
France	4.05	— A
Germany	4.05	3.15 C
Greece	4.05	— A
Ireland	3.00	2.40 B
Italy	4.05	3.15 B
Luxembourg	4.05	3.15 B
Monaco	4.05	— A
Netherlands	4.05	3.15 B
Norway	4.05	3.15 B
Portugal	4.05	3.15 B
San Marino	4.05	3.15 B
Spain	4.05	3.15 B
Sweden	4.05	3.15 B
Switzerland	4.05	— A
United Kingdom	3.00	2.40 B
Vatican City	4.05	3.15 B

A) No lower rate period

B) Nights 5pm-5am & Sunday

C) Nights 5pm-5am only

The charge for each additional minute is 1/3 the initial 3-minute dial rate. Federal excise tax of 2% is added on all calls billed in the United States.

An Outstanding Opportunity For Collectors of Western Art

THE FIFTH IN A SERIES OF LIMITED EDITION BRONZE REPLICAS

THE MOUNTAIN MAN HAS BEEN SELECTED AS THE OFFICIAL COMMEMORATIVE BRONZE FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE 10TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, RONALD REAGAN.

The original American "rugged individualist," the mountain man was immortalized by Frederic Remington in this striking bronze, completed in 1903.

A SOLITARY FIGURE IN AN UNCHARTED WILDERNESS

More than any Western character, the mountain man typified the courage and daring of the first Western explorers. The mountain men were the first to explore the vast expanse of the American West.

REMINGTON'S REALISM AT ITS BEST

The Mountain Man is one of Remington's most detailed bronzes. Every item of his equipment is accurately depicted — his rifle, his traps, his blanket roll, powder horn, knife, fur hat and buckskins.

UNSURPASSED QUALITY IS GUARANTEED

The Mountain Man, in a strictly limited edition of 1,000, is cast by the lost wax process.

The model for the edition has been approved by the Director of The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, where the original is on display.

A REMARKABLE VALUE IN TODAY'S INFLATED ART MARKET

At a time when bronzes of lesser quality are priced from \$3,000 up, this edition is offered to collectors at \$1,875. Each bronze is accompanied by a Certificate of Ownership signed by the Director of The Buffalo Bill Historical Center.

GUARANTEED REPURCHASE AGREEMENT

Museum Collections Inc., unconditionally guarantees to repurchase your bronze at the issue price of \$1,875 any time within one year of your purchase.

TO ORDER, CALL TOLL FREE

800-243-4492, or write: Elizabeth Krueger, Director, Museum Collections Inc., Dept. C34, 140 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Ct. 06830 for brochure. You may pay by check, money order or major credit card. Optional five month payment plan available.

Frederic Remington's "The Mountain Man"

Issued in cooperation with The Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Ltd., Wyoming, in an edition of 1000, the replica is hand finished, jewelry marked, numbered and dated. It is approximately 22 inches high with American Walnut base, three fourths the size of the Remington original.

museum collections

10TH HOLE continued

Have a heart, Carol! All I'm not, but can't you run the article in July or August when we girls at least have a fighting chance?

KAREN MATTHEWS
Vienna, Va.

Sir,

Come on, guys. I don't mind the annual fetish that compels you to feature swimmers, but what really gets me is the fact that the last time I can recall your featuring a female athlete on the cover it happened to be a horse! Now, I know we've come farther than that. Please, give us a fair representation on your cover.

JANE C. HOGGESH
Elm Grove, Wis.

Sir,

How in the world could you put a lady in a bathing suit on the cover when, during that same week, the best players in the NBA appeared in the All-Star Game? I hope your playoff coverage is a lot better!

CRAIG TOWER
Cranston, Pa.

Sir,

This is my annual letter to you concerning your annual swimsuit issue. Is it necessary to spend all these big bucks on nudity? Nudity can be seen every day in other magazines. The reason I subscribe to SI is not for skin. Why not channel those funds into reporting some good sports news? How about more articles on small colleges like those in the Arkansas Intercollegiate Conference? We have good sports to view!

TOMMIE HENSEN
Springdale, Ark.

Sir,

I just thought of a good reason, besides the fact that it sells a lot of magazines, for the existence of your swimsuit issue. It provides an opportunity for your photographers to showcase their work. John G. Zimmerman's photography was superb, notwithstanding the fact that in Carol Alt & Co., the Kenya crowd and what their wives of the swimsuits he had some pretty breathtaking material to work with.

RICHARD MURPHY
Andover, Mass.

Sir,

After seeing your stunning cover with Carol Alt, we were terribly disappointed with the inside portfolio. SI you are too conservative!

JEFFERY S. ANDERSON
JEFFREY T. NELSON
Bloomington, Ind.

Sir,

I would like my subscription re-made.
BRIET K. MATTHEWS
Provo, Utah

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



All he expected a compact car to be was practical.

Then he saw the Olds Omega and realized he had been expecting too little.



Understandable, we think. Because the 1982 Omega is a lot more than you might expect a compact car to be. There's an economical 4-cylinder engine with new electronic fuel injection for better mileage estimates than last year. Front-wheel drive. MacPherson strut suspension. But most of all, this compact has style, right down to the handsome new front end. And you can imagine the luxury inside. The room and comfort and smooth, quiet ride. So, if all you expected from a compact was economy, we think you've been expecting too little.

Oldsmobile Omega.
Even today,
there's still room to
do it with style.

Oldsmobile

We've had one built for you.

Standard 4-Cyl. Engine

41 26

mpg. Est. EPA Est. mpg

Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '81